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JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 538 | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 1916. | ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS**

Made in White, also in Khaki and many attractive designs.

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See name on each Handkerchief.

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"She's got a splendid head—"

"——Understands business like a man. Why, she saw at once that we could save pounds by going to the 'Midland' for our furniture. You know, the 'Midland' control the actual manufacture of what they sell. That enables them to cut down the middleman's profit which makes furniture so expensive at other places."

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

You score all round by furnishing at the "Midland." Ten per cent. discount if you choose to pay cash; no charge for interest if you decide to purchase out of income on the "Midland" Ideal Terms; £100,000 worth of really artistic and well-made furniture to choose from; every price marked in plain figures—and every price a bargain

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Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of handsome Sideboard, with inlaid panels; 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

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10% Discount or Cash.

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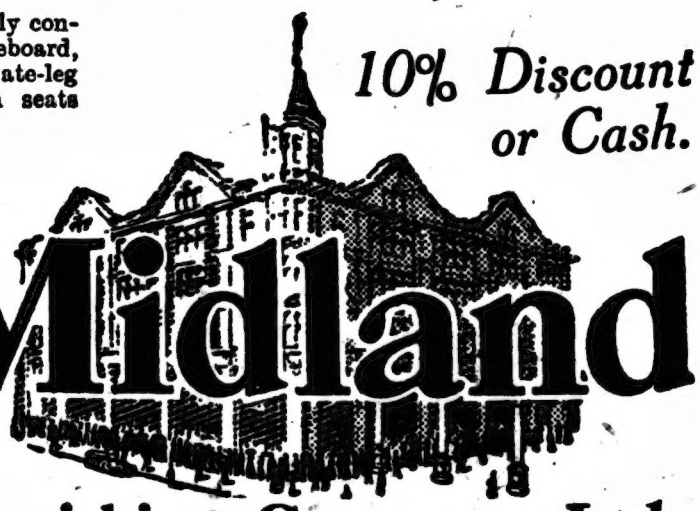
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



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Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 538. Week ending Saturday, September 23rd, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Those Funerals.

Whether it was right or wrong to accord the honour of military burial to the Zeppelin crew, we do protest against the distinction which was made between the officer and the men. Out in France and Flanders our dead heroes of all ranks sleep side by side. And what kind of funeral, think you, was given to Captain Fryatt?

"Super-Patriots."

That is how the *West London Press and Chelsea News* describes Lord Northcliffe and ourselves—adding that "he would be a lover of his country indeed who would rope them together and ship them off for personal attention to the Bulgarians, or some other race in whom the traits of a high civilisation are strongly marked." Is the Control Board Order in force at Chelsea?

Mansfield.

By the time these lines are read we shall know the result of the Mansfield election—to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir Arthur Markham. It is dangerous to embark upon prophecy in such matters, but we will hazard two predictions; one is that there is so little enthusiasm for this Coalition of All the Tongues that a very large number of electors—not yet quite educated up to the Business Government idea—will abstain from voting for its nominee; and the other is that Dr. Turnbull's poll will not disgrace either him or the Business Government League—under whose auspices he has contested the seat.

The Bible and the War.

Some time ago we endeavoured to show that the Kaiser is the man "666"—or the "Beast of Revelation"—and it is pointed out to us by many correspondents that in that event the war will not end till the Spring of 1918, as the Beast is to "have power for forty and two months." Well, assuming all hostilities to have ceased by *next* Spring, it will take quite a year to divide up the German Empire and settle all the other terms of peace!

Hot Stuff, Bermondsey.

There are pots of trouble brewing in Bermondsey for Wait and See, Ltd. "I can tell you," a "Bermondsey Worker" writes to us, "we here have had enough of this Government, and if you don't shift them quick we will have done with the Cabinet and their Germhun pals and shift them for you, and you know by this time how nicely a Bermondsey crowd can behave when it has had enough of anything." To all whom it may concern, Notice is hereby given.

A Nasty Misprint.

The other day a local paper, reporting an address by a Mr. Rea on "The Bottomless Pit," gave the title as "The Bottomley Spit." And we are a non-smoker!

Those "Papers."

So we are to have the Haldane papers "after the war"! Wait and See if we ever get them.

Weighing Machines.

We do not like "queering" anybody's "pitch"—but, oh, those automatic weighing machines! Try a couple of them, and *then get into the scales.*

Another Milestone Passed.

Despite the absence at the Front of hundreds of thousands of old readers, our circulation last week passed the one million four hundred thousand mark. Thanks!

A Full Team.

"Have you noticed that the Allies now have a full team—Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, Portugal, Roumania—with spare man, Greece?" asks a reader. But poor little "Monty" is "out"!

We Beg to Ask—

Whether Sir Eyre Crowe, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will tell us whether it is the fact that an important Austro-Hungarian official who was over here when war began—Zsombor De Szász—was subsequently passed out of the country; and, if so, by whose recommendation?

A Lesson from Italy.

You remember the explosion on board the Italian Dreadnought, *Leonardo da Vinci*—resulting in the sinking and loss of the ship. Well, the Italian Government has appointed a strong Committee of Inquiry, comprising all the best available experts, and unfettered by any limitations in its terms of reference. What about the loss of the *Hampshire*? Still harping on the subject, aren't we?

The K.C.'s Surprise.

This from an eminent K.C.: "I have often read of your circulation, but geographically I did not realise how far JOHN BULL peacefully penetrates until yesterday. My brother motored me some distance from Banff to a moor he rents, and, *en route*, the keeper suggested we should "take up" a small patch of heather—*i.e.*, shoot it. My sister-in-law was to remain in the car, and the following dialogue took place: How long will this bit take, keeper? *Keeper*—Aboot an 'oor. (*To my sister-in-law:*) Have you a morning paper? *She:* No. I forgot to bring one. *Keeper:* I can gie' ye JOHN BULL—and he produced No. 556,577 from his pocket: this week's issue. *Res ipsa loquitur*!" Just so. That's what *we* say!

Don't wait till too late. Our free Insurance offer is on page iii of cover.

Holland and Germany.

Apropos of our recent "Plain Talk to Holland," figures tell their own story. We allow maize to go to the Dutch to feed the cattle the neutral sells to the enemy. Apologists for Holland point out that 100,308 tons less maize went into that country in the first six months of the year than in the like period of 1914. But, at the same time 101,666 tons less went from Holland into Germany.

Meat for the Hun.

Now note the sequel. While from the above figures it will be seen that Holland maintained her own consumption of maize, she helped Germany by sending into Hun-land 34,428 tons more of meat than in the first half of 1915, while allowing us 32,804 tons less. By permitting Holland to take all the maize she wanted this year, we enabled her to fatten stock and feed the Germans. Clever, aren't we?

Manchester Pro-Germhunising.

We trust the Board of Trade—what there is of it—has noticed the statement of the *Draper's Record* that big Manchester firms of importers are already giving huge orders to Germhuny for goods to be delivered immediately after the war. What are the names of these firms who, when the nation is in the death-grips of war, are looking ahead to rake in nauseous profits by foisting Germhun goods again on our country? If the *Draper's Record* will furnish us with them, we undertake to make them ring throughout the Empire.

Generosity.

A remarkable instance of large-hearted generosity is furnished by the London and North-Western Railway Company, who, according to the *Railway Clerk*, "have recognised the increase in the cost of living in the Birmingham district by increasing the night-office clerks' refreshment allowance from 9d. to 1s. per week of six nights." It is a tremendous sacrifice; but the Directors have determined to make it, even if the shareholders starve. It should be further added that the Directors are now considering the desirability of increasing the breakfast allowance of the night-office pussy by one slice per diem.

A Traitorous Conspiracy.

Before the Liverpool Stipendiary, William Richings and John Behenna, two Examiners of Shells in the employ of the Crown, were charged with a most grave offence. It appeared that they had approached a sub-contractor with the disgraceful proposition that, for a bribe of £5 down and £1 a week for a period, they would "pass" defective shells for the use of the Army. Happily, the corrupt bargain fell through, but the intentions of the culprits were clearly shown, and no principle of justice would have been outraged if both traitors had been awarded an ounce of lead. Instead, one was let off with a fine, and the other with two months in the second division—penalties quite inadequate to the unpardonable nature of their offence.

Misplaced Humour.

At a recent sitting of the City of London Tribunal, the Chairman made an elephantine essay in facetiousness. A business man, whose appeal was refused, asked the natural question, "Shall I get any time to arrange my affairs?" and Mr. Chairman gave the elegant reply, "Yes, three weeks; the same time as when a man is going to be hanged." As this sally was greeted with "laughter," the man in the chair perhaps fancied himself successful as a humorist. To our mind, the wit of the remark was in shockingly bad taste; the comparison of a man going to serve his country with a man going to the gallows was needlessly offensive, while to utter it in the face of one preparing himself for possible sacrifice smacked of irreverent levity.

Narrow Escape.

We were in danger the other day of losing a constant reader. It was all the fault of our cartoonist. The reader was a Scot of Musselburgh, and musing over the cartoon "The Old Spirit," he exclaimed, wrathfully, to the friend near him, "By the sacred soul o' Bobbie, there isna ane kilty there!" It was the friend who saved the situation. "Of course there isna, mon," he said; "a' the kilties are awa' forrit in the enemy trenches oot o' sicht." "By Bobbie, laddie, that's true," the Constant Reader replied, as the wrath passed from his eye; "an' it's the finest sicht I never saw."

A Cruel Penalty.

When the Castle Eden Magistrates had made up their minds to award imprisonment "without the option" for breaches of the Lighting Regulations, it was a pity to start with an old man of 72, whose offence, to say the least, was not of an aggravated nature. It seems that all the poor old chap had done was to light a candle in the night to see the time, without first drawing his blinds; and, while this may have been a flaring indiscretion, it was punished far too severely by a month in Durham Gaol—especially when at the same sitting of the Court other offences, apparently of a much graver character, were passed over with lighter penalties.

Quakers' Quacks.

The Quakers are still at it. This time the spirit moves the Society of Friends in Berks and Oxon, who profess themselves very upset at the naughty notion of reprisals. What these quacking Quakers recommend is "sympathy and consideration shown to our enemies," because those enemies—the skunks!—will remember it "with gratitude," and it "will do much to make permanent the friendly relations we hope to establish when hostilities are over." Some of these Quakers seem yearning to embrace and kiss and slobber over the Huns, to go hand-in-hand with hands still red with the blood of women and children. As for giving the Huns "something to remember," *that* we are willing to give. But it would not be love.

Eight Years Ago.

That private letter which the Kaiser had the artfulness to send to the late Lord Tweedmouth in 1908, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, was a deliberate attempt to influence the British Minister in a direction favourable to German interests. That the *Times* put the right interpretation on it everyone would now admit, even including, we should think, Viscount Grey. He held a different opinion at the time—and indeed went out of his way to say that the very unusual correspondence was calculated to foster a good understanding with Germany. We are reminded of that eight-year-old event by a correspondent, who sends us the contemporary attack of the *Christian World* on the *Times*. Poor *Christian World!*

Without Licence or Pass.

Olaf Benson is one of those naturalised aliens who, being at present debarred from acting as master mariners on British ships, have turned their attention to piloting. Although he has not been granted a pilot's licence, and was refused a pass to go about the harbour at Blyth, he got aboard a neutral vessel and did actually act as her pilot. He was summoned at South Shields, but discharged, the Chairman remarking something about "the trouble to which he had been put." Instead of offering what was tantamount to an apology, the Chairman might have investigated the circumstances under which Benson moved about the harbour and got aboard without being asked to show his non-existent pass. No British pilot is allowed to escape like that.

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 20.

A Ruined Home.

A Tribunal decision with a shocking sequel is reported from Bourne, Lincolnshire. A man appealed on the ground of domestic hardship, having a wife, who is a chronic invalid, and two small children. When told he must go, the man asked what he should do with his helpless family, and his story is that he was told to "put them in the Union." It is so cold-blooded that we hoped the whole thing was a mistake, until we learned that the man has sold up and joined the Colours, and that his wife and children actually are in the workhouse. No names are supplied by the Lincolnshire papers, but we are afraid the facts cannot be doubted.

The Irish Situation.

We are glad to observe belated signs of grace in the proceedings of the Cork City Corporation. At its eighth appearance on the Agenda, a resolution "gratefully appreciating" the achievements of the British Fleet in the Jutland Battle was carried by a majority of votes. Afterwards, in an effort to "get their own back," the disloyal minority, headed by Councillor J. Lane, proposed to confer the Freedom of the City upon the disloyal Bishop of Limerick; but, for a second time, their machinations were defeated, the Council declining by a majority of nine to countenance the scheme. Upon both these votes we congratulate the Corporation. Better late than never.

An Innocent Offence.

A youthful defendant at the Shrewsbury Police Court had joined the Army when only 16, being subsequently "claimed out" by his parents. The indignity of being "sent home to mother" seems to have worried the spirited youngster, and, fearing the sneers of his companions he got hold of a blank form, and filled it up "discharged medically unfit." When charged with the forged entry, the lad explained that it "seemed childish to be claimed out," and this, evidently was the whole reason for his offence. In these circumstances, the Magistrate decided to fine the boy "only £3"—which, all things considered, was just sixty shillings too much.

4d. for 9d.

We are dead against strikes during war time, but we are in hearty sympathy with the strong stand the Leeds Boot and Shoe Operatives (supported by the employers) are making against the extension of compulsory Unemployment Insurance to their trade. The Leeds operatives have their own scheme of insurance, and during the last ten years they have paid out £70,000; and with the members' contribution of one penny per week, there has been a surplus of £17,000. Under the Government proposals, the contributions of employers and operatives for that period would have been £355,000—so they would have been £280,000 out of pocket. This is 4d. for 9d. with a vengeance.

A Fine Man.

A bright British workman experienced some moments of supreme joy before the Tribunal at Walsall. His employers—Messrs. M. Harvey and Co., coach and motor fittings makers—applied for his exemption, whereupon was read a letter written by the man. Those employers sent him to Lichfield to see the Medical Board. It cost him two days' work and 10s. 6d. out-of-pocket. When he asked them to share the expense, they declined. So, said he, as I have given them no instructions to appeal for me, I wish to join the Colours at once! And then the fat of that firm was in the fire. It was all "very extraordinary," they said; and "an absurd position for the man to take up." But the man only smiled, and stuck to his guns, and he goes into the Army like a good one, a member of the Tribunal saying: "I wish there were some more like him!" And so there are, and so there will be while England is England and Britain is Britain.

A Mysterious Ban.

The refusal of the management of the Broadway Cinema, Hammersmith, to exhibit the official film of the Battle of the Somme, on the ground that their place of entertainment was not "a Chamber of Horrors," has excited a good deal of adverse comment, as, in the circumstance, it was bound to do. Personally, we are wondering what the Managing Director meant by telling a newspaper representative that there were reasons "of a more private nature" why the film should not be shown. What are these private reasons, or may they be whispered only in the dark?

A Banbury Hun.

It is no doubt very wrong to be rude to a Hun, and when William Pegler, of Banbury, ran against an uninterned German, named William Franks, he ought perhaps to have raised his hat to him,—instead of which he seems to have called him "a dirty dog." Stung to anger, Franks landed Pegler a heavy blow; and at the Banbury Police Court, he was summoned for assault and fined ten shillings. At the same time, the Magistrates ventured to admonish Pegler that "in future he should pay more respect to people"—especially, we suppose, to truculent Germans whom official apathy has left at large.

Pilots for Neutrals.

It is not comforting to know that neutral mariners can learn as much about our coast as ever they may wish. At present, it seems, the only part where a neutral vessel is compelled to engage a pilot is between Yarmouth and Deal; all the rest of the coast line is free and open. Pilotage should long ago have been made compulsory. With British pilots sworn to secrecy, neutral captains could gather no information as to the alteration or removal of buoys or lightships, positions of minefields, or swept tracks. As matters stand, the "neutral" captain simply goes to the Custom House and gets all the information up-to-date. And we sit and wonder how it is the enemy finds things out!

"The Hand" in Canada.

For a year or more the Mounted Police in Canada have been busy rounding up Austrian and German enemy aliens, and sending them to the internment camps which they should properly inhabit. It has been hard work in that land of long distances, and a hundred miles a week on horseback was the usual record for the troopers. But they were willing, for they knew their work was good. Their disgust is therefore all the more intense on finding that about half of those interned enemies have been released and are again free, mainly, we understand, through the efforts of an M.P. in the Alberta Provincial Government, and who, to say the least of it, is not entirely British. It is a bad thing when the good work of good men can be so undone.

Charity at a Profit.

If we accuse the Economic Printing Company, of Pershore Street, Birmingham, of very bad taste, it will not, perhaps, much vex the soul of that concern, should it possess one. Its bad taste consists of exploiting wounded soldiers for its own business purposes, for it sends out canvassers to sell packets of stationery at twopence a time on the plea of helping such men. Three sheets of paper, three envelopes and three cards of poor quality seem dear to us at the price, and we hope readers will steer clear of such a bargain, despite the promises of the Company to give ten per cent. of their net profits "to local institutions, comforting our wounded soldiers." No doubt the people can well afford such a promise, but their niggardly offering is no excuse for a peculiarly mean style of business. For it is mean in the extreme to prate of comforting the wounded, and then to stick to 90 per cent. of the proceeds.

Settle all arguments by "John Bull's" Diary of 2nd Year of the War. 1s. nett.

Blathwayt on Bottomley.

If you haven't yet bought your copy of Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's book—"Horatio Bottomley, the Man as he is To-day,"—you had better hurry up. It is nearly out of print.

Twin Towns in Misfortune.

Really, the fortunes of war are pressing with concentrated severity on Yarmouth and Lowestoft. To add to these troubles, the Admiralty have forbidden herring fishing this autumn; which means another serious loss. What with absence of visitors, presence of bombs, and one thing and another, they have become twin-towns in misfortune. They have a stronger claim than ever on State assistance to help them to meet these war adversities which have fallen upon them, because of their geographical position, with such unmerited force.

Stupid Severity.

The Axminster Magistrates recently passed a savage sentence on a respectable young fellow, named James West, charged with "circulating indecent matter." It seems that the man, while serving in the Army, had picked up some ribald nonsense which, as youngsters will, he had written out and handed round among his friends; and this forsooth was the "crime" for which the Axminster Magistrates though fit to send him to prison for 14 days—thus damaging, if not ruining, the whole prospects of his life. The penalty was outrageous.

His Own Epitaph.

That shirker from Diss, Robert Stevens, who wrote his own epitaph in his diary deserves to meet the fate he himself has predicted:

Here lies the body of a young man of Diss
Who vowed he would never accept martial bliss;
He would neither work, nor take nor give,
And died because he was too lazy to live.

When this Diss-graceful young man was up before the Chelmsford Magistrate, he sat down on the floor of the Court and had to be carried to the cells. Leave him there, to work out his epitaph!

Harassed Publicans.

The snares and pitfalls set for the harassed licensed victualler are such as to baffle all ordinary precautions. At the Kirkcaldy Court five publicans were lately charged with "failing to have a supply of eatables prominently exposed for sale in the bar"; and had it not been for the robust good sense of Provost Anderson, Heaven knows what fearsome penalties might have been incurred. However, the worthy Provost, with the concurrence of his brother Justices, dismissed the charges, with the suggestion that the police "should employ their time differently." A wholesome hint!

Sarcastic.

One of our sarcastic readers thinks the best thing we can do is to get along with the Government we have, instead of bothering about a Business Government—which we haven't. "The business man," he says, "is too busy at present plundering the British public to play up for a Government of his own. Coalmasters, shipowners, ironmasters, flour millers, meat contractors, sugar refiners, tobacco manufacturers and provision firms are so successful nowadays as pickpockets that they don't know how to dispose of their plunder." If anything under the sun could make us squirm, this would. What, however, stiffens our back is the thought that business men would soon cease to plunder if there were a Business Government—which doesn't mean merely a Government of "business men"—which declined to let them do so.

Suspicious Lights.

While staying with friends in a North-Eastern town, a Belfast correspondent witnessed an air raid; and was struck by the fact that, while the Zepps were in the vicinity, a bright light was visible from a neighbouring house. Mentioning the matter to his host, he was surprised to learn that the premises in question were occupied by a German, who for some reason or other had escaped internment. A letter of inquiry to the Home Office elicited no more satisfactory reply than that the facts of the case had "already been under the consideration of the Advisory Committee"—from which we suppose it is to be inferred that if a German resident likes to burn lights during a Zepp raid, it is "no odds" to anybody, and least of all to the mandarins of Whitehall.

Food Prices.

"We are proud to be a branch of the Navy," writes a mine-sweeping man to us, "and we, who know the sea, do not receive large salaries. Our families and homes are suffering through the inflated food prices." That is his trouble, and he cannot understand why it *should* be his—and ours. Mine-sweepers know that their service guarantees a clearly-defined channel for every class of shipping. The percentage of loss through mines has been small, and the Merchant Service has been able to carry on as usual. "The stuff is coming into the country all right—why should prices leap so high?" Our friend thinks some of the food exploiters would be edified could they hear what seamen say of them. But landsmen do not lag behind in expressing their opinion of traders and trusts who pocket unholy profits and rob the poor wholesale.

Sir Charles's Butler.

Sir Charles Philipps was terribly afraid he might lose his precious butler, for whom he eloquently and urgently appealed at Haverfordwest. But he need not have worried; he had but to ask, and to receive. Sir Charles, it seems, is suffering from an injury of some kind, so the excellent butler also acts as valet-attendant-nurse. It is surely not a serious injury, for Sir Charles cheerfully owned up, "Whenever he goes to London the butler goes with him as valet." He had not tried to find a substitute; he "did not think he should try and put himself on the shelf by trying to get someone else." The Military Representative was instructed by the War Office to oppose strenuously any further exemption of that super-butler, but it was all in vain. The Tribunal "decided to grant conditional exemption," and they gratuitously intimated "they were not influenced by Sir Charles Philipps's position." Were we not so studiously polite, we would whisper, "Rats!"

A Bishop's Bleat.

The Bishop of Worcester is terribly upset and annoyed. We forbear to say, in native Doric, that his Lordship has "got his shirt out"—we would merely hint that he is flapping his episcopal apron in vehement protest because his allowance of petrol is only 10 gallons a month, instead of the 60 for which his engine thirsteth. The awful result he has communicated "to his clergy"; he has immediately cancelled his "distant official engagements," and he will "curtail his general work" also, "unless the authorities could be made aware that a Bishop, who is an officer of the State with recognised duties, should be sympathetically considered." It is as though his Lordship were telling the Petrol Commissioners what a "big bug" a Bishop really is, but we doubt whether the information will impress them much. Anyway, the point seems immaterial, for the Bishop is off at once to America to attend a Convention, and does not return till November. By that time perhaps the wind will be tempered to the shorn shepherd.

Patriotic Self-Denial.

Advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*: "House-Parlourmaid required for near Petersfield. Five servants kept, including butler and housemaid. One lady; comfortable home; Church of England. Reply Miss Errington, Marchwood Park, Marchwood, Hants." One of our readers asks us to "say a few words" on the subject. Impossible. The dear lady compels us to shrieks of silence.

Two Crimes.

At a recent sitting of the Oldham Police Court, one culprit was taken—to prison—and the other left, with a fine to pay. We are not expert moralists, and cannot, therefore, pretend to say which was the more serious of the two offences. Perhaps our readers can judge. In the gaol case, a young girl employed at a temperance hotel had stolen a pair of shoes. A month's imprisonment was her reward. In the other case, a man had roused up his wife—soon to become a mother—in the middle of the night, chased her about the streets in her nightdress, and finally swung her around by her hair. For this disorderly conduct he was fined 12s. And not a penny too much!

A Rapacious Department.

"An Old Reader" calls attention to a case of extortion by the P.O. Telephone Department. His instrument has given tremendous trouble and complaints have been numerous. From time to time men and lads have been sent by the District Manager to investigate the cause, but with little result. Driven to desperation, the subscriber decided to have the instrument removed to a position in another room on the same floor, and requested that that be done. A very young man was sent, and the work occupied exactly 50 minutes. As the Telephone centre is but two or three minutes' walk from the subscriber's office, the whole time involved could not have exceeded one hour. Imagine, therefore, our reader's disgust at receiving a demand for ten shillings, and to learn that this is a fixed charge! We wonder what sort of salary is paid to the young mechanic.

Dormant Dividends.

Although not departing a whit from our demand for the disclosure and handing over to the State of unclaimed bank balances and deposits, we think that to it might be added dividends upon shares—as is done in South Africa and Australia. In the list of "Dividend Warrants Unpaid," just issued by the New Kleinfontein Company, Ltd., we notice a considerable sprinkling of Teutonic names—doubtless the dividends of some of whom are unclaimed for an excellent reason. In at least one Company registered in England a large portion of the shares of which are held by Bearer Warrant, the amount of the normal item for unclaimed dividends was in last year's balance sheet multiplied many times. We think that in such cases the Company might well be required to mention the name of the Banks—probably including the Deutscher and the Dresdner—through which the coupons had hitherto been cashed.

The Second Year.

"JOHN BULL'S Diary of the Second Year of the War"—1s. net—should certainly be in the hands of everyone who wants to understand the colossal changes which are taking place in the great crucible of the world's conflict. Hurry up!

"Touching a Top Off."

Whether or not the "passing of the cup" goes back to the Heptarchy, it is certainly going back to gross injustice to fine two men 10s. each, under the No Treating Order at Burbage, because they were guilty of the awful offence of "touching a top off" a friend's mug. It is a good old custom of friendliness and hospitality. But the Control Board has made it a crime!

Cannon and Copper.

Somebody suggests that, as there is a shortage of copper, use should be made of the many obsolete guns, often of bronze, spread throughout the land, in dockyards, arsenals and elsewhere. At Portsmouth, for instance, we are told old guns are as common as lamp-posts. That reminds us that in the Circle around Regent's Park old cannon are actually in use as kerb-posts.

Will Work If Desired.

An advertisement from the *Calcutta Statesman*: "Wanted Real Philanthropist or good Samaritan (not seeking Birthday Honours) to assist pure Englishman (for whom Fate has been too spiteful of late) with a gift of 1,000 pounds. If desired will work in return (out-door preferred) and prove his value as an investment." Unfortunately he does not make himself quite clear, and philanthropists or good Samaritans will not know whether he wants the 1,000 pounds in Treasury notes or in suet.

Saturday Football.

We are fond of football, but when a football ground is taken over for munitions, part of the work being necessarily done in the open on the grand stand, football should retain its temporary back seat, for the national good. At a certain London ground about 200 girls were shut out from their employment on munitions from Friday to Monday, because the grand stand was needed for a Saturday game. As the articles made by the girls are also "needed"—in France and elsewhere—there is something radically wrong in such an arrangement—or disarrangement.

A "Special" Growl.

Barnes is backward. When the "Specials" receive an emergency call they have to report at the Police Station, outside which they are then kept standing for hours on end. As the station is in the main road, alongside the Thames, and as the weather is not always warm and dry, and will soon be decidedly otherwise, some shelter should assuredly be provided, for the "Specials" are not all young men and strong. Besides, isn't it against the rules to herd men in the public street on such an occasion? The order is, "Take shelter," but the "Specials" cannot take it till it is given.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HEARTSEASE LIBRARY":—
"A torrent of THUNDER came HURTLING DOWN AND BEAT ITSELF AGAINST THE WINDOWS."

"SUN" (Sydney, N.S.W.):—
"A VALUABLE Adelaide Testimony to ——'s Tonic. 'NEVER really free from pain, now I feel AS WELL AS EVER I DID.'"

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (obituary announcement):—
"On September 5th . . . ONLY SON OF —— ——, THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT WHILST ON SERVICE."

"ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD" (advertisement):—
"Rats and mice exterminated by——. Harmless to human beings, DOMESTICS AND OTHER ANIMALS."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"Mr. Crimper made three vain attempts to present arguments in favour of Cornelius Rockewell; then, with one mighty gulp, he SWALLOWED HIS CHIN and went home."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (birth announcement):—
"On August 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, a daughter. BIRTH OF A NATION."

"MONMOUTHSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"The Chairman told —— that he was liable to a fine of £700. The Bench had decided to GIVE him £40 and £10 10s. costs."

HOLLAND'S REPLY.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE."—THE LESSON OF HISTORY.

BY A DUTCHMAN.

(We gladly offer the "hospitality of our columns" to the following reply to our recent "plain words" to Holland.)

HAVING stated your case against Holland in such an unmistakable and outspoken way, I hope that you will grant a Dutchman the hospitality of your columns for the defence.

You ask us to make up our mind and to state which side our sympathies lay, and it is perhaps well that our position should once more be clearly defined. The Dutch are neutral. Individual feelings may tend towards one side or the other; the people as a whole are before everything else Dutch. We are a small nation with a great history. We have since 1568 known how to preserve our sacred liberty, and we shall know how to safeguard this treasure in the future, whatever the sacrifice. But at the present moment our liberty is not in immediate danger. And we have no political aspirations, no desire to extend our territory—like most, if not all, of the nations now engaged in the war—so that there is no reason for us to join. We have, however, the right—and Britain, who, you say, is fighting for the sake of the small nations, will be the last to contest this—to look after our own affairs, to live our own life of independent existence, and to reject any foreign influence aiming at the curtailment of our sovereign rights. We have maintained, and will continue to do so, a strict neutrality, and our foes will be those who attack us, whichever side they may come from.

The Lesson of History.

We are well aware of the uncertainties of the future. We have learned throughout our history to look to the big nations with a critical eye and to accept their favours with some reserve. That has perhaps made us a little cynical and less accessible to the views of the big nations who can afford to consider themselves the guardians of the world. For the same reason we have been taught to be Dutch in the first and in the last instance, and it is this lesson which has inspired our attitude throughout the war. It may be difficult for a belligerent to grasp the neutral standpoint. But there is such a thing, and the right to act in accordance with it is one of the very rights England wants to secure for Belgium.

Before turning to figures, it may be useful to point out that England is already controlling the whole of our oversea trade, and that no goods reach our ports which have not been found to be of non-enemy destination. A glance at the records of the British Prize Court proceedings carries conviction that, whatever the ship, whatever the cargo, these are detained or even confiscated here whenever the British Authorities have reason to suspect or can prove an enemy destination. In connection with your charge of Dutch unfriendliness, it may also be of interest to see how the German press condemns our policy of *laissez-faire*, where the British blockade measures are concerned. Recently the *Globe* intimated that Germany had threatened Holland with war should the Dutch continue to permit England's interference with their trade.

The Dutch—like all other countries (England and France foremost, as is shown by their recent foreign trade returns)—have to maintain and develop their foreign trade. Will they be able to face the commercial struggle after the war, which requires a strong economic and financial position? The only commodities they can freely deal with are the home-manufactured goods—which are comparatively few now that many raw materials cannot be obtained from abroad—and the home produce. As our Agricultural Commissioner pointed out a few days ago in the press, the Dutch Government do not interfere with the disposal of any articles produced and sold in Holland. Our markets are free and accessible to English as well as to German buyers. Why, then, are the English notable by their absence? It is true that some Dutch traders are reaping the benefit of high prices. It is true that the English importers would probably have to pay more than elsewhere in order to beat the German bid. But it can hardly be a reproach to us that we sell to the highest bidder. People in England (shipowners, coalowners, and many others) are not neglecting to pocket exorbitant profits whenever they see an opportunity to secure them. Mr. McKenna's last Budget foreshadowed a revenue from excess profits tax for the current financial year of £86,000,000, which presupposes a total *excess* profit of about £144,000,000. Besides, by flatly refusing to deal with Germany, as your article seems to suggest, we would obviously commit ourselves to an unneutral act, and England, the champion of the small nations, who has condemned the "law of military necessity" applied by Germany to Belgium, could hardly compel us to take this course without causing the basis of her championship to fall to pieces.

I may now be allowed to direct your attention to the statistics compiled by our most pro-Allies newspaper, the *Telegraaf* (published in the *Times* of September 4th) from which it will be seen that our exports of cereals, metals, oils, fats and several foodstuffs have dwindled down to such an extent that the total quantities exported to Germany during the first six months of this year may be safely considered to be entirely negligible.

There remain the goods made or grown at home, and those received direct from our oversea colonies. These we do export, indeed—at least a considerable part. It is all which is left to us to keep our export trade, our ships, our oversea businesses going. England, faithful to her doctrines, cannot possibly wish to interfere with our right of free disposal of these goods. England, however, has the means to prevent us in a legitimate way from exporting our goods to Germany by buying them from us. We shall leave them to her with the same readiness, and perhaps with more, as to others.

Proofs of Sympathy.

If a Dutchman is thoroughly analysed, Britain may find him inclined to expect a safe future from her, rather than from any other guardian nation. In receiving your wounded boys, in sheltering and feeding the thousands of Belgian refugees, in sending out our ambulances to Russia and the Balkans, we have shown that we know how to appreciate Britain and her allies. We have done our best to mitigate their sufferings as far as we were able to do so.

But where business is concerned, allow me to say that we have learned the value of a practical mind at the right time—by means of which Britain, amongst others, has become the great Empire of to-day and which has brought home to her the need to strengthen her economic position. We are not with you, but we are certainly not against you. Roumania furnishes us with an example of a nation who, although cherishing the most cordial feelings for the Entente, deemed it compatible with the standpoint taken by her to sell large quantities of cereals to the Central Powers. It is perfectly well possible to maintain the friendly relations between our two nations with a little consideration and material sacrifice on both sides.

THE KAISER'S DEVILISH THREAT.

A SINISTER BOAST—"OUR SCIENTISTS, LIKE OUR SOLDIERS, ARE ORGANISED."

BY A. G. HALES.

THE French Army on the Western front seems to have taken tickets for Berlin with a vengeance; not a day passes but they push a bit further on the road, and our fine fellows are busy in the same direction. The Kaiser and his Council are praying for winter, in the hope that climatic conditions will then so hamper our offensive as to render it abortive, and thus give him and his harried legions a breathing space in which to reorganise ready for next Spring. The Winter may hamper, but it will not check the Allies. Like surf thundering upon a seashore, the concerted attack will be kept up ceaselessly until German power is trampled in the mud in Belgium and in Northern France, and the Kaiser's legions are rolled back beyond the Rhine—a savage, disillusioned horde of desperate men, ripe and ready for any evil thing. By that time the Russians will be knocking at the back gate of Constantinople, via the doorway opened by Roumania, and the great debacle will have begun in grim earnest. Let us pray that the winter does not set in too early and dissipate even a portion of our rosy prospects; for much depends upon the weather, especially in the Near East where the snow falls heavy and early and renders the mountain passes almost impossible for cavalry, guns and supply wagons. But *this* is the age of demi-gods and super-men, compared to whom the heroes of the classics were spineless creatures. Let the lovers of the graveyards of antiquity dig up all the mighty deeds of the past, and laud their champions as they may—we can show them living men on every front greater of soul than their greatest. Men were never so superb as now, in brain and brawn; the patriots of this hour are the grandest the old mother earth has produced, and the coming winter with all its terrors will neither daunt nor dismay them.

The Kaiser's Sinister Words.

But this is the hour for us in Britain to remember the all-evil Kaiser's words of sinister omen: "Our scientists, like our soldiers, are organised," and he is just mad and bad enough to mean all that lay at the back of his ill-balanced brain when he spoke of the readiness of his army of scientists. And now that he and his are beginning to feel the iron grip of war, his words may be transformed into actions. The day is dawning when the fighting will have to take place on German and Prussian soil. The Huns, driven from Poland, Belgium and France, will be herded into their own territory. Not only will they be face to face with the armies of the various peoples whom they have treated pitilessly, but the memory of their own deeds when they were marching as conquerors through trampled towns and villages will rise up like so many ghosts to make them dread the hour of their downfall, and those memories, and the fear of the price they may have to pay, will make them fit instruments to work the will of the Master Devil at their head. He had not overlooked the possibility of the birth of such an hour; he had expected victory, but he had not neglected the possibility of defeat. And never forget this: he would surely have been victorious if Britain and her Colonies had not entered into the arena of war. No one knows this better than the Kaiser, unless it be the Kaiser's War Council, and that is why the Germans hate us with the hate of Hell. That is why, unless locked within their own borders in a ring of steel, they will direct at us all the venom of their savage hate. We have smashed their dream of world dominion, and we have snatched conquered territory, untold wealth, mastery of the world's trade, and boundless power from them—*and they know it!* In the last throes, their battle cry will be, "Let Britain perish with us!" I do not think we need waste time arguing whether the Germans will be inhuman enough to resort to the foulest means in order to pull us down when they sink, if opportunity serves. The records of the last two years answer that; we must judge the tree by its fruit. The question is: Can their well-trained army of bacteriologists injure this country if they get the Kaiser's order to do so?

What Their Scientists Can Do.

I think they can, unless our Government takes immediate steps to minimise the danger. It is an easy matter for any bacteriologist to insert the microbes of terrible maladies amidst the contents of tinned foods—such as milk, for instance—which in the ordinary way of trade and commerce would be scattered over the whole length and breadth of Great Britain. In an inconceivably short space of time every tin of food operated upon by German bacteriologists would, unless detected, cause an outbreak of virulent and contagious disease, which would spread with direful rapidity, especially in the poorer and more crowded portions of our most populous cities. Wheat, potatoes and flour coming to us from abroad could be treated in the same way, and it is well to remember that in every foreign country which supplies these islands with food stuffs in carcase and in tins, there are swarms of scientific Germans who could, and would if they received orders, insert the bacilli of nearly every conceivable kind of contagious diseases into such goods; for it has long been a German boast, known to most travellers, that rather than be beaten Germany would *stop at nothing*. Our Government should at once take steps to prepare for such an emergency. This is written in no alarmist spirit; it is advice given on the principle that prevention is better than cure. The Huns are not likely to try to open a plague spot in France or in Russia, because of the danger of the disease spreading to their own army and populace—but as England is an island, they could do this devilish thing to us with impunity to themselves, and the effect would be practically to prevent us from sending reinforcements to our troops for fear of infecting them. It would also have tremendous effect upon our industries, for the ports of most countries would be closed to our shipping for years. Germans half the world over have boasted of this as a sure way to bring Britain to terms in the event of war; they have dwelt upon our island isolation, which we consider our greatest bulwark, as being in reality our greatest danger, as we could be struck without the infection spreading to the striker. And they have always claimed that, with our ships in quarantine, our factories would be idle and our fighting arm paralysed. It is those things they will aim at more than the actual loss of civilian life to us—to cause us to declare our island a plague spot, and so create a blockade against Great Britain stronger than any that a fleet could accomplish. They will have to sacrifice lives of non-combatants to do it, but did they hesitate to sacrifice civilian life when trying to terrorise Belgium, Poland and France? We know they did not, nor will they hesitate here; to them the end is justification for the means. They murdered women and children on the *Lusitania* to terrorise the shipping community; it failed—so will the bacteriological terrorism fail, but we should prepare now to meet it. It would not be hard to meet if the Government at the outset of war had "conscripted" the land of these islands—put it all under cultivation—as, please God, we will do some day. The Germans will *not* call upon their scientists until Hindenburg fails, but after Hindenburg they will call on HELL!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—Another birthday—64 not out—still fresh and vigorous in mind and body, and not a thought of retirement, eh?—at any rate, until after the war. On the whole yours has been a pleasant lot, and with all my heart I tender you the usual "happy returns." I am glad for once to sink the controversial note, and to assure you quite frankly of my warm regard. In the past we have had differences of opinion, and for the future I reserve my right of criticism; but between us there is no spark of malice, and I trust that when the last line is written we may still be friends.

JOHN BULL.

To M. Dimitracopoulos, Greek Prime Minister.

DEAR PREMIER,—If there is anything in a name, you should be "some" statesman; and although we have learned to attach slight importance to the re-shuffling of the political cards at Athens, I venture to hope you may play a straight game. The opportunity afforded you is unique in the history of Greece; at this critical hour the need of the Greek people is for a man strong enough to curb the intrigues of the Court and bold enough to give free play to the historic aspirations of the nation. Are you the destined Leader? We shall see.

JOHN BULL.

To General Sarrail, Allied Commander, Salonica.

DEAR GENERAL,—With complete satisfaction we have learned of the advance from Salonica of a joint French and British force under your command; and I trust that the official communiqués may soon furnish conclusive evidence of the wisdom of this long-expected move. Personally, I am inclined to think that startling developments may soon be witnessed; but, in any case, time is on our side, and the final outcome can only be glorious. Meanwhile, the British people have complete confidence in your military judgment, already sternly tested, and the soldiers of our Eastern Army are proud to fight in yet another field, shoulder to shoulder with the gallant sons of France. JOHN BULL.

To A. G. Gardiner, Esq., Editor, "Daily News."

MY DEAR "A. G. G.,"—A word with you brother. The other day, speaking of the changed attitude of the public mind, as a result of the great war, you said that Humanity to-day "is prepared to learn from anybody. It has called Mr. Bottomley to be one of its prophets. Can humility go further?" What are you driving at? Are you annoyed to find that I, your brother of the pen, have more correctly interpreted the soul of the nation than did the *Daily News* when, two days before the war, it expounded the sordid policy—for the sake of a "great grab" as our reward—of callous, cynical and cowardly neutrality in a conflict the ultimate aim of which was the overthrow of the British Empire? Let me recall your words: "If we remained neutral we should be from the commercial point of view in precisely the same position as the United States. *We should be able to trade with all the belligerents; we should be able to capture the bulk of their trade in neutral markets;* we should keep our expenditure down; we should keep out of debt." That, my dear "A. G. G.," is the gospel of the carrion crow—the gospel of the ghoul. And you are far too good a fellow to be its apostle. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. S. Peebles, of Annan.

REV. SIR,—Already there is plenty of evidence that the Control Board is not above presenting very questionable statistics to "prove" the advantage of the new form of slavery which, under the guise of "war necessity," is being foisted upon the people. But your statement that in the name of sobriety the Board has been responsible, in the houses under its control, for supplying liquor to drunken men, is one which is so serious that I trust you will see your way to give further particulars. You declare that "a crop of cases" could be easily obtained, and you add that there is "no way of bringing the Board to book." I am not so sure about that, and certainly you would be doing a public service if you could expose the cant and humbug of this fussy body's methods.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Minister of War.

DEAR WAR MINISTER,—Will you let me know who was responsible for the recent "Order"—to which, at the special request of the Mayor of Harrogate, I drew attention in my last issue—to the Killinghall camp in Yorkshire, under which a draft of a regiment was confined to barracks from 1 o'clock in the day until they started for the station *en route* to the Front at 6.30 in the evening, and directing that no whistling, singing or cheering was to be allowed during the march and that any man disobeying this regulation should have a "crime" marked against his name—to be dealt with on his arrival at the Front? I need scarcely tell you that the greatest indignation exists in the district, and I find it hard to believe that you, with your warm human sympathies, would have sanctioned such an insult to a gallant regiment which has won very high distinction on the field of battle. I am given to understand that certain fussy people in the neighbourhood objected to the noise made by the departing troops. If that be the case, let them go somewhere within hearing of the noise of the German guns!

JOHN BULL.

To the Provost of Dundee, Scotland.

DEAR PROVOST,—I see that Colonel John Adam Fergusson, of Cheltenham, who recently made the statement that it was a common sight to see boys and girls of twelve and fourteen years of age reeling drunk about the streets of Dundee, has offered a sort of apology. He says the statement he made was vouched for by two trustworthy witnesses, and that if it was incorrect or even exaggerated he regrets its publication. The allegations made by the Colonel were characteristically pumpuritan in form and substance. He not only made them on the authority of ministers whom he did not know and could not name, but said that from his own experience he could confirm what he had been told. The Chief Constable has amply proved that the alleged witnesses may have been ministers, but that they certainly are liars; and now, cornered, Colonel Fergusson executes an "iffing" shuffle which, in the right sense of words, is neither justification, withdrawal nor apology. Can you tell me why it is that these wild advocates of the pump find it so difficult to speak the truth and shame the Devil? For incredible inaccuracy they seem to me to beat Ananias to a frazzle.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer, Board of Education.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I have seen your amazing statement that "not less than 250,000 children of school age are seriously crippled, invalided or disabled, and not less than a million are so physically or mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides." I am bound to assume that, as a scientific expert, you have stated the facts without exaggeration; and I venture to hope that you have fully advised your Board as to the best methods of dealing with this shocking and deplorable state of affairs. The health of the children is a priceless asset, upon which at this critical period the whole future of the Empire depends—much more than upon what the State calls Education. JOHN BULL.

To Edward Blomfield Hammond, of Waterden.

FARMER HAMMOND,—You were fined at Hunstanton the other day for cruelly ill-treating a horse by failing to give it proper care and attention. You ought to have been sent to prison. What is "£20 and costs" for an offence like yours? You allowed that poor blue roan gelding to get into such a condition that it was unable to move to seek its feed. According to the evidence, the poor beast's feet were "completely rotten," while its hind legs were twice their natural size. In the opinion of the R.S.P.C.A. Inspector, the feet had been in that condition *for months*. Such brutality makes my blood boil. Your proper punishment would be—well, I cannot trust myself to suggest what. I am surprised that Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, M.P., who was on the Bench, should have agreed to such a farcical punishment.

JOHN BULL.

ON THE ROCKS.

THE RISING TIDE.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALDOM DE LUXE.

COMMANDEERING PLACES OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

There is a horrible row in Whitehall Place concerning the decision or alleged decision of the War Office to commandeer that sacred and gorgeous edifice, the National Liberal Club, with its marble staircase from a doge's palace. While we have no special reverence for the National Liberal Club as an institution, we confess ourselves lost in a continually growing admiration for the architectural tastes of Messrs. Asquith and Co., Ltd., in commandeering public buildings for the use of Government officials. It is true that their tastes are a great deal in advance of that evangel of War Economy which they so loudly proclaim from the seats of vociferate humbug; but on the theory that no Government are bound to practice what they preach, that money is no object, and that Government officials cannot be expected to do their jobs thoroughly unless they house in splendour and revel in luxury, it must be said that their insatiable appropriation of the finest buildings in London is a spectacle for gods and men. They seem to look round for gilded dome and fluted column, massive cornice and splendid arch, marble staircase and vaulted hall as possessions without which it is not possible for them to win the war. Among hotels, the Carlton, the Ritz and the Savoy; among clubs the Carlton, the Reform, and the Royal Automobile; among churches St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; among royal residences, Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House are still uncommandeered by the Government for officialdom, but this is probably because Ministers have not noticed they are there. There is, however, a rumour that Mr. Lloyd George has already given the King notice to clear out of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle by the end of next week, as he needs the palace to accommodate and entertain captured Germhun officers and the castle as a cocoa factory for the Uncontrolled Board. As a final word let us say this: if there is any junior Government clerk or office boy who feels he would be more comfortable by going into residence at 10, Downing Street, he should go to the cashier of his department and request him to commandeer it at once.

THE ANGRY ARCHITECT.

WOUNDED MEN AND A CONCERT POSTER.

Corsham, in Wiltshire, has been made the centre of operations in connection with various fêtes and concerts held in neighbouring towns and villages. The whole of the proceeds provide comforts for wounded soldiers in hospital at the towns visited, and the entertainments, arranged by Mr. Victor Lloyd and his London Concert Party, have been most successful. It has been a great point with the Manager of the concerts to cut down expenses to the lowest possible level, and bill-posting, for instance, became a voluntary affair. Some of the wounded soldiers, convalescent enough to get about, gladly took bucket and paste-brush and posted bills and announcements in a workmanlike way. It was this proceeding that aroused the wrath of a certain cantankerous gentleman. He is Harold Brakspear by name; he is F.S.A., A.R.I.B.A., by initials; and he is Architect by profession. This is the letter he thought fit to write to the Concert Manager: "Sir,—I notice that you have caused advertizing bills to be affixed to my property at the top of Priory Lane for the second time within two months. I have therefore to inform you that should this happen again I shall put the matter in the hands of my solicitors without further warning." The sweet spirit of courtesy and the grace of charity are alike conspicuously absent from that message by the haughty Harold. He knew the purport of those posters twice stuck upon his precious "property"; he knew the object was the benefit and comfort of wounded soldiers. Yet he could write that curmudgeonly letter and utter his dire threat. Should there be occasion for it, we could hope to see a third poster pasted on to wall or palings belonging to the bellicose Brakspear, so that he might keep his threat of legal proceedings. We should not envy him when he made his plaint in Court, for we imagine that not a man in Wiltshire would be in sympathy with the shabby sentiments expressed with such shrill petulance in the letter we have quoted.

PRURIENT POLICEMEN.

CRUEL CHARGES AGAINST INNOCENT GIRL.

If the prurient-minded policemen who infest some areas are to be allowed free scope, it will soon be unsafe for a respectable girl to go walking in the evening with her sweetheart or other male friend. Not for the first time we have to complain of such a scandal, the facts in this instance being reported from the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton. The parties implicated were a young subaltern invalided from France with serious wounds, and a thoroughly respectable girl with whom it seems he had enjoyed an innocent flirtation—the charge against the young woman being that she had plied an undesirable calling, and "behaved indecently in the Wolverhampton Road." In support of these odious charges there seems not to have been a shred of credible evidence, although, according to a local report of the Police-court proceedings, "P.S. Brookes gave particulars, and in this he was supported by P.C. Thorpe." In some circumstances, perhaps the Magistrates might have been disposed to attach credence to the licensed slanders of these ornaments of the Force, but for the sake of her reputation the girl had submitted to examination by the Police Doctor, whose report was such as entirely to negative the suggestion made against her. Anxious to save something from the ruins of their plot, the police then preferred a trumpery charge of drunkenness against the male defendant, and although we doubt very much whether there was the least foundation for this suggestion, a fine was imposed. The more serious charges were dismissed, but not a word of reproof seems to have been addressed to Police-Sergeant Brookes and his docile subordinate, whose offensive account of what never occurred can only have originated in the salacious depths of their nasty imagination. We can quite believe the assertion of a correspondent, that "people in the neighbourhood are quite upset by this terrible case," as the younger portion of the female population cannot but have been shocked at the possibilities which have beset them from the activities of these *agents des mœurs*.

WHEN WINTER WINDS—

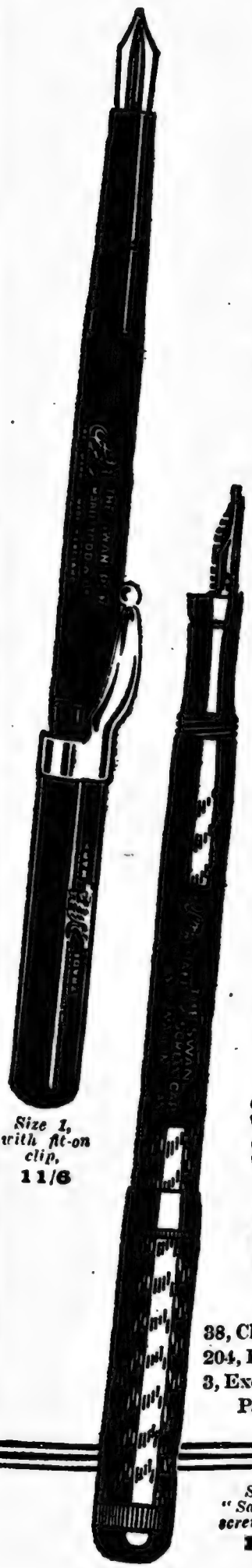
THE PAINFUL PATH OF THE TRADUCED TRADESMAN.

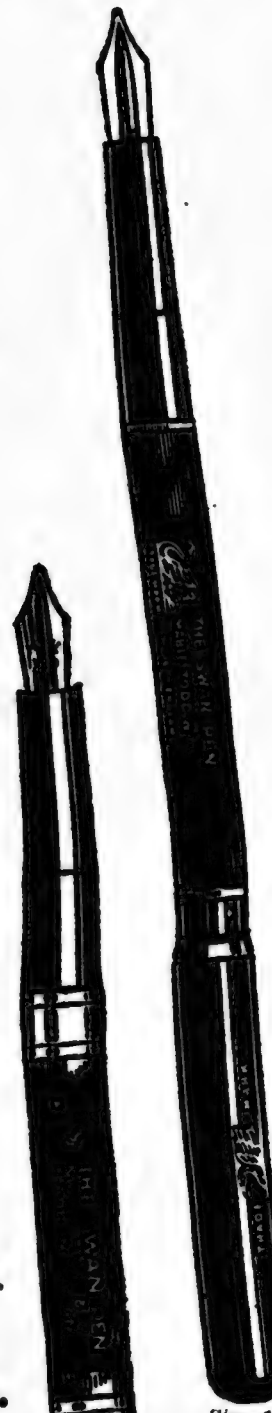
Winter is coming with its multitudes of hardships, and our hearts must go out to many of its victims. Amongst the latter we must give first places to the miserable milkman, the poor coalman and the poverty-stricken food merchant. Even now, ere the first icy blast has proclaimed its dread presence, we can hear their piteous pleas ascending to the skies. The poor of the nation—amongst them the wives and children of our gallant soldiers and sailors—in the coming cold weather will require coal to heat their houses, as well as more and better food to help them defy the bitter blasts. The burden of it all will fall on the shoulders of those who make it their business to supply the necessaries of life. With the water pipes frozen, the milkman will be hard pressed to do his bit. Anxious nights will be passed ere he can steel his heart to put a halfpenny more on the pint. As for the coalman, with fog delaying the railway traffic and his horses falling on the slippery streets, he, also, will be forced, much against his inclinations, to advance the price of his goods. Another victim of winter will be the food merchant. Hard pressed as he is at present, his lot in the coming months will indeed be an unenviable one. Reviled and upbraided on all sides, only his duty to the country will prevent him from falling a victim to despair. Will-power alone will enable him to perform the unpleasant duty of raising his prices in the face of his countless traducers. It is indeed a thankless task which confronts these public benefactors. Even the Government is considering how best it can make their philanthropic path a thorny one. We said, "considering."

So come, dread Winter. You shall not find us unprepared. The poor will bravely face your blasts with thin-clad limbs and empty stomachs. The food merchant will no less bravely meet you with an unconquerable spirit. Hungry infants may cry out for food, but the milkman will clench his teeth and defy your elements. The homes of the poor will be drear and chill, but the coalman will greet you with unflinching determination. Come, Winter. Do your worst!

The Editor of "John Bull" writes every week in "Everywoman's."

5,000,000 Letters





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Pemberton-Billing's New Journal.

THE IMPERIALIST

CONDUCTED BY N. PEMBERTON-BILLING, M.P.

VOLUME I. NUMBER I. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION EIGHT SHILLINGS POST FREE.

In the title of this journal I have endeavoured to convey its character and ambition.

The Imperial Air Convention, which in barely four months has received over 1,200,000 applications for membership, has satisfied me that despite the truth that a country gets the Government it deserves, these are many of my fellow citizens who, with me, are determined to be deserving of a better one.

In THE IMPERIALIST, week by week, I intend not only to criticise, but to attack without fear or favour all those men and measures which make for the perpetuation of our past political follies, and to point out to the men and women who have fought, suffered, and sacrificed for our country, the scope and possibility of the inheritance to which they are justly entitled.

Chief Contributors and Weekly Features.

As I See IT
N. Pemberton-Billing, M.P.
Reflections - Edgar Wallace
Britain for the British
Arnold White
Before Passing Sentence
Charles Palmer
Heroes All J. M. Hogge, M.P.
The Imperial Task - - P.B.
Things that Matter - - ,,
The Great Game - - ,,
Imperial Air Convention
John Ironside
Women and Work E. M. Tait
Gardens of Ignorance Marian Cran
The Week's War. Review of the News.
On Home-Making. The Open Road.
The Week's Wit. Correspondence, etc.

My friends tell me that a paper with an ideal is foredoomed to failure.

That may have been true before "the great cleansing." I refuse to believe it is true to-day, and I set out to tackle the task of a clean and fearless interchange of ideals and ambitions with my fellow-countrymen with cheerfulness and confidence.

Address all communications to N. Pemberton-Billing, M.P., Imperial House, Hertford.

To Subscribers.

That the personal element may be ever present in this Journal I have decided not to place it on sale, but to issue it by subscription only. For the convenience of some of my friends I have arranged to accept the subscription when desired in four quarterly instalments of two shillings. Therefore all that it is necessary to do in order to be sure of receiving THE IMPERIALIST every Saturday by post, is to fill in the form attached and send it together with a postal order for Eight Shillings (twelve months' subscription), or Two Shillings (quarterly payment).

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BRITAIN UNDER THE PRESSGANG.

THE OUTRAGEOUS FATUITY OF THE RAIDS FOR ABSENTEES.

While it is probable there are not a few shirkers whom the War Office recruiting authorities have failed to catch in their net, they will have to find other means of catching them than those they have recently adopted in theatres, railway stations and other public places. They have grossly assailed the liberties of many hundreds of men whom they have no legal right to detain at all. For no other reason than that on demand they cannot prove by documents on their persons that they have appeals pending, or are over the age for service, military and police have actually arrested men, subjected them to rough insult, and confined them for hours in custody. They have, we believe, no more legal right to do this than they have to arrest and detain Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George because those Ministers have not in their possession a certificate of birth or a magisterial order exempting them from vaccination as conscientious objectors. The fatuity of these raids is proved by results, for the military authorities have practically drawn blank. They might do this sort of thing in Prussia, but at any rate they would do it according to law, and it would be organised with all departments in unison, and not with all departments at sixes and sevens. Evidently the War Office do not know the limits of the law. The War Office is under the law, and must act within the law like everybody else. In this country every man, woman and child under a certain age is supposed to be registered. The Government organised the register and hold the records. If they have lost them or "lit" their pipes with them, this may account for their wild-headed raids. If they had properly arranged and classified their own records, hardly a man in half a million would be out of the net if he ought to be in it. Because Governmental officialism, Prussianised by conscriptive powers, flounders and falls and sticks in bogs of their own making, decent men and patriotic citizens are being publicly insulted, arrested, and herded aside in sheds and other places by police and military acting in the spirit of officials rounding up gangs of pickpockets or burglars. It is not only an audacious, it is a monstrous infliction—unjustified and unjustifiable whichever way you look at it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"CO-OPERATIVE" COMPANY'S SELFISH PROFITS.

"Co-operation" is an admirable principle and "Temperance" a cardinal virtue, and the two in combination should be the very fount of equity; but it appears that the Male Nurses' Temperance Co-operation, Limited, of 10, Thayer Street, Manchester Square, W., have yet to learn the elements of an equitable deal. Not that there is any suggestion of dishonesty against the Company; on the contrary, they are sticklers for legal propriety, and have never, as far as we know, been found to stipulate for more than the strict letter of their bond. Their business consists in providing sick people with male nurses, pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating liquor, each nurse being guaranteed a salary of £80 per annum on condition that he pays over to the Company a regular commission on his wages at an average rate of 3s. 6d. in the £ per week. At the first blush this may seem an equitable arrangement, but in practice it is apt to work considerable hardship to the nurses. For instance, so comprehensive are the terms of the agreement that when an attendant recommended by the Company turned chauffeur to his patient, the Courts actually held that, although his new employment had nothing to do with nursing, he must still pay commission to his original principals at the rate primarily agreed. In another case, a nurse was retained for nine years in a single situation, all the time paying commission at the rate of 3s. 6d. in the £; and when a little while ago, under the stress of war conditions, the payments fell slightly into arrears, the Company did not scruple to threaten legal proceedings. Indeed, the Male Nurses' Temperance Co-operation, Limited, and its Principal, Mr. M. C. Walsh, J.P., have been so well treated by the Courts that their readiness to invoke the aid of the law is quite easily understood. It has even been decided that where no written agreement exists, the Company can still claim their commissions on the strength of an implied understanding; it is clear, nevertheless, that in many instances the bargain has proved one-sided.

THE LITTLE LESS.

LONDON MILKMEN'S NAÏVE ADMISSION.

"Having received certain information," as the policemen say, a Hornsey paterfamilias thought fit to address the Manor Farm Dairy, Limited, in these trenchant terms:—

> I have just measured what is supposed to be a quart of milk delivered at my house by one of your men, and find it is 5 or 6 tablespoons short of a quart. I am sending my measure to the Inspector of Weights and Measures to be tested, and if I find I am wrong I will apologise, but if not you will hear further from me in the matter. Meantime, I am retaining your bottle.

This was pithy and to the point; and so indeed was the reply received from the Joint Managing Directors, which ran:—

> We do not recognise any shortage of milk in our bottles, besides which we do not sell the milk by Imperial measure. Some of the bottles hold considerably more and some a little less.

Apparently, you pay your money and take your chance, and it is perhaps the gambling instinct of the public that enables the Dairy to claim that their "trade is increasing very fast." However, it is desirable that in all such matters there should be a clear understanding, and we have no doubt that as an honest firm the Dairy will thank us for advertising their admission that, while some of the "quarts" of milk contain good measure, shaken together, pressed down and running over, there are other bottles that held "a little less."

THE AMAZING DECISION.

KEEPING THE GERMAN FLAG STILL FLYING.

At a recent session of the Brighton Military Tribunal a tailor's cutter applied for exemption on the ground that he was "indispensable" to the business. It seems that since the war broke out the applicant had put £100 into the concern, on the strength of which he was described as a "partner," but before the Tribunal it was admitted that the principal of the firm was a German, working in London. Some time ago this enemy alien was interned for a period of four weeks, but, for some occult reason, he was afterwards released, and permitted to resume his ordinary avocations, though forbidden, as we understand, to reside upon the coast. There was a shop in London, however, and the German "attended to the London orders," while the English partner looked after the business at Brighton. It is pitiable to report that this application, conceived almost entirely in the interests of an enemy subject, seems to have won the sympathy of more than one member of the Tribunal. Six months' exemption was granted, the plea that it was "upon domestic grounds" being perhaps an indication that the majority of the Tribunal were somewhat ashamed of their decision.

HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE.

RABID REVELATIONS ABOUT ROYALTY.

A persistent correspondent sends us items of news and history deserving a place of honour. "The germans got so far in," he assures us, "during queen victoria's time untill she was warend she was cuting the ground from under her childrens feet & she would have given the crown over to her son edward when she turend old & lyzie onley she dreded his great german favoursaim so she told a friend." It may be that our informant was the very identical friend in whom Queen Victoria confided; if so, it would account for his exclusive knowledge of the following moving facts:—"Prince albert was so full of german favoursaim that he landed himself in the london tower and queen victoria went down on her knees & beged for his life befoer she got him out with his head on." That revelation has escaped all royal biographers up till now, and here are more particulars hitherto undreamed of:—"Ther is a ugly rumour Prince of wailes is ingaged to marray the cazers eldest daughter she has refuesed they say many crowend heads in marrage but acepted Prince of wailes & is away back home ingaged to him in fact bosted she was going away to Pay a visite at the british court to give him a chance to Propoes to her." As the "cazer" has but one daughter, and as she is already married, there appears to be some slight discrepancy in that last extract, but our friend obviously possesses private information of a startling and variegated kind. A "History of Our Own Times" penned by him would be a real joy.

GERMANY PREPARING

The Chastened Hun.
A Changed Tune.

By THE

WHEN do you think the war will end? That is a question on the lips of everyone. Nowadays men when they meet have something more important than the weather to talk about—war. War occupies all our thoughts. "When do you think the war will end?" How many times has that query been addressed to me by politicians, by soldiers, by the expert, and the layman? No sane person will attempt to give an answer to a month, and I notice that Cabinet Ministers when they speak of our present victories are always careful to hedge—to make certain that whether peace comes suddenly or is indefinitely delayed, they will be on the right side of prophecy. My own view is that if you want to know exactly how the war is progressing—the war, I mean, on sea and land, the war of economic pressure as well as the bloody fight in the trenches—you cannot do better than go to Germany for your information. I am quite ready to admit that you have to be somewhat of an expert at newspaper reading to divine between the lines of the German press if you would find out what is happening on the other side of the Rhine. And the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that the German people, although the truth is slowly dawning upon them, are still in great ignorance as to the progress and fortunes of the war. We have sometimes complained of the Press Bureau for keeping back the truth and for watering down unpleasant facts. But, compared with German methods, it need hardly be said our official attitude towards the public is one of complete frankness. Yet, in spite of the suppression and the deliberate lying which are indulged in by German officialdom, the truth is gradually leaking out, and the Hun press—conscious that its readers are becoming aware, however faintly, of the true state of affairs—is beginning to discuss matters with a revealing candour which would have meant imprisonment, or at least stoppage of publication, a few months ago.

The Chastened Hun.

What a change has come over the spirit of the German dream! While taking the curative waters of a British Spa—and they are just as good as the German, which none of us will ever drink again—I have found leisure to study somewhat closely the German newspapers. It was worth the time. Let anyone with a pessimistic spirit—if there be one such left now in this happy land of optimists—and a fair knowledge of German do what I have been doing. I can promise him an eye-opener. He will first of all understand that the Great Offensive has already penetrated to the Rhine. The pushing back of the German soldier has still to be accomplished. But the mind of the German nation has already felt the blow—that is the psychological result of the splendid effort of the Allies on all fronts. It took a fortnight before the average German heard that Roumania was in the struggle on our side. Now the bitter pill has been swallowed, and, having recovered speech after the shock, the German is denouncing our new Ally with all the guttural hate and insane anger which, as a rule, are reserved for us alone. Greece—or, at any rate, some of her best statesmen—are also being made the subject of gross denunciation. It is a good sign. It means that Germany fears the worst. I only hope that Tino will very soon come to his senses. The fact is, the Great Push, like the wonderful Verdun defence, has upset all the calculations of the Kaiser and his war gang. At the beginning they had everything as they desired—well, not everything, for Paris and Calais were taken off the menu. But they started the awful music of war, and having prepared for it and having willed it when they were ready they were long able to call the tune. Now the Allies are dictating time and occasion over the battle fronts, just as they will dictate the terms of peace. The Mad King and his myrmidons know the game is up, and impotent fury is taking the place of a real military offensive.

A Changed Tune.

With the stern consciousness of impending defeat, those who seek to form and guide public opinion in Germany are trying to buoy up the national spirits by denunciation of wicked Britain more frantic and more unrestrained than ever before. But behind the insults and the taunts, underneath the braggadocio of the bully, is the fainting heart of the beaten man. Don't forget that a few months ago German statesmen talked of territorial conquest—their mouths watered at the thought of the fair fields of Belgium and the rich cities of Northern France. What they had got they would hold, together with a mighty bulging purse—the gross indemnity which poor, paralysed England would have to pay to proud and victorious Germany! To-day, the tune is pitched in a minor key. Those who still believe in territorial gain and big money-bags sing their song under their breath—no one listens to them. The sane and sobered minds are now engaged in denouncing all thoughts of land gains, and as to money exactions from the hated British—well, no one is so foolish as even to mention them. Stripped of every possession outside Germany, denuded of all those Colonial lands acquired at so much cost and held only by colossal outlay, Germany realises that she is a beaten Empire. She is fighting on—not for what she may gain, but for what she can save. I have told you of the Kaiser's peace proposals—of those plans, too clever by half, by which he hoped to be able to withdraw his forces to the Rhine, and, once there established, to hold out for a war of exhaustion. We may expect that the broken War Lord, who is statesman enough and soldier enough to understand to what desperate straits he has brought his country, will make other attempts to save his throne by manipulating peace. But the people of Germany, the common folk, are already in dire straits for food. Their spirit is waning—they must at all costs be prevented from breaking down altogether. If the Kaiser is to make still more frantic effort to keep back the foe now pressing him with merciless force West and East, on his unhappy and misguided subjects the brunt will fall. Therefore, to prevent the growing discontent and rising anger reaching danger point, the hungry Huns at home must be made to understand what

FOR THE WORST.

EDITOR.

Kaiser's Shattered Dreams.
Germany in Despair - -

defeat would mean. Leaflets are being circulated in Germany describing in the most lurid colours the terrible meaning of victory for Britain. Just as they try to prevent German soldiers surrendering by telling them that as soon as they get to the enemy lines their throats are cut, so they are seeking to nerve the nation to hopeless resistance by picturing the meaning and measure of defeat. This new kind of propaganda in Hunland is one of the most hopeful and most healthy signs.

Britain's Determination.

What is it the German people are being told? Well, it is a characteristic mixture of half-truths and whole lies. You can separate the one from the other for yourself. According to this leaflet, the majority of the German nation are unable to appreciate what defeat at the hands of the British would mean. (Note, by the way, how they fear us rather than the Allies in general.) It is a dangerous mistake, they are told, to regard as vain boasting the speeches of British Ministers and M.P.s who declare their aim to be the overthrow of militarism, the destruction of Krupp's works and the banishment of the Kaiser to St. Helena. "'Sink, destroy and burn' was ever England's motto." What follows is worth quoting textually :—

> For God's sake let us not deceive ourselves about England's determination so to force Germany to her knees that she must accept England's conditions without resistance, and be wiped out for ever as a competitor in the world's markets. All classes of the people are united in this resolve, from the First Sea Lord to the humblest dock labourer at Newcastle-on-Tyne.
>
> It cannot be too firmly insisted that such a victory for England would mean an irreparable catastrophe for the German Empire. Not only would the German Empire be dissolved, but our people themselves would be most seriously threatened with extinction, especially in view of the Russian torrent pouring in from the East.

After that, you will not be surprised to learn that a British victory would ruin the whole of the German middle-class, especially the trading middle-class, because good-bye all hope of making the Allies pay Germany's war cost, and so for generations to come the Huns' war burdens would grow enormously.

Kaiser's Shattered Dreams.

Don't you agree that this frantic appeal to the German nation to realise what defeat would involve—a defeat which is as certain as the sequence of day and night—is supremely significant? It is the frenzied appeal of official despair. Remember, a little while ago the temper of the German people and the tone of the German press were very different. Then we were beaten to the dust; the day was to come when the Uhlan would ground his lance in Trafalgar Square, and the Kaiser would ride along Whitehall to Buckingham Palace. We were to be humbled—broken in our pride. India was to be a jewel in the Kaiser's crown. From Berlin to Baghdad the wonderful German railway trains were to run with luxurious speed, linking West and East—consolidating the German's power in Central Europe, expanding his "Christian" influence in the whole Mussulman world, bringing the Orient under the benign sway of German Kultur, breaking the Holenzollern flag in the breezes of the world—the might and power of the Kaiser would be proclaimed in all lands. That was the dream, that the Imperial fantasy. Contrast the not long distant past with the eloquent and outstanding present. Germany is beaten. "The tide has turned" is the more polite phrase. But in my view, the irresistible waters of victory are flowing with relentless force. Nowhere can the Kaiser turn for comfort, nowhere can he look for hope. Austrian and Hungarian—Bulgar and Turk—are fighting, not to conquer, but to avert overthrow. The German people are growing thin and pale under the power of our Naval blockade, which even yet is not as tight as it might be, and must be drawn tighter. German war material is waning, while ours—including those wonderful armoured cars—grows every day. Ask our military experts of what the German shells are now made and the measure of their efficiency, and you will understand what I mean. One Generalissimo may be substituted for another, one form of tactics scrapped and another tried to meet the altered conditions. But nothing can stop the relentless tread of the Russian, the climbing gallantry of the Italian, the grit of Serb and Roumanian, the dogged and conquering bravery of French and British.

The Last Lap.

And so we come to the last lap; but, as often happens in a contest, that lap may test our stamina to the uttermost. All said and done, the German is a desperate fighter, and he will die hard. In another column Mr. Hales repeats a warning which he gave us a year or more ago of one method of frightfulness to which the enemy may resort in his despairing death throes. And who shall say what others there may be in store? Of course, in the end we shall overcome them all—but we must be prepared. On the other hand, the Kaiser may have shot his bolt, and instead of further exasperating the Allies, and alienating the sentiments of the Neutrals, may endeavour, at the eleventh hour, to placate them by a semblance of repentance. But here, too, we must be equally on the alert, or assuredly we shall again be fooled. Personally, I lean to the idea that he will resort to the latter policy, and I have already indicated the lines upon which I think it will proceed. Still, our duty is plain. Shells and men—men and shells; blockade and more blockade; money and munitions, and ever more money and munitions, for our Allies; and a stout heart, a united front, and a resolute will at home. Then the ghastly thing will soon be over, and the world will be ridded, once and for ever, of the accursed Hun. And the Victory will be hastened when the German people wake up to a full realisation of the way in which they have been duped—and it may not be necessary for the hated British, after all, to decree St. Helena for the last of the Hohenzollerns.

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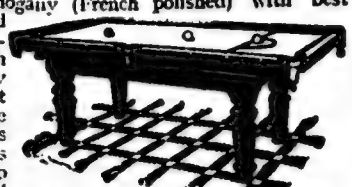

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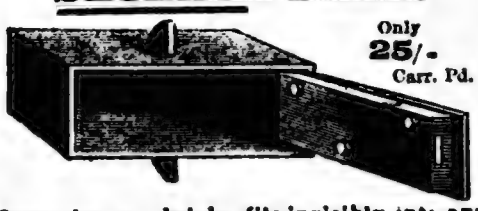

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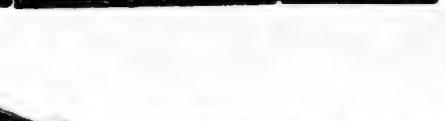

THE LEVANTING LADIES.

SHARP ECHOES OF EARLIER FRAUDS.

By the complaint of a War Office clerk, we were lately put upon the track of Mrs. Henrietta West, a registered money-lender, trading from "The Nook," Caterham Valley, Surrey, whose methods were forcibly reminiscent of "The Lady Who Levanted," as described in our issue of August 28th, 1915. As is usual in such cases, the borrower had behaved with extreme imprudence, first pawning his watch to raise 19s. 6d., to be forwarded to Mrs. West for "necessary expenses." Having parted with this sum, the would-be client heard no more of the matter; and, repairing to Caterham, our representative found "The Nook" deserted. Meanwhile, other complaints had reached us; a Devonshire reader had forwarded 11s. 8d. for "expenses," and a valuable dressing case as security when, as in the case of our first informant, communications were broken off. Mrs. Henrietta West, with her husband and eight children, took up residence at "The Nook" last Lady Day, and in the course of these few months they became indebted to confiding local shopkeepers to the tune of £60, every penny of which is still owing. On July 2nd they effected a "moonlight flit" from "The Nook," leaving the rent unpaid, the house having been temporarily furnished upon the hire-purchase plan. We take it for granted, however, that the Surrey police will exhaust every avenue of inquiry in an effort to trace the culprits, and meanwhile we are pursuing clues of our own which may possibly discover a connection between Mrs. Henrietta West and the Mrs. Edith Maitland, formerly of Bournemouth, whose frauds were the subject of our earlier exposures. For the rest, we can only repeat our warnings that any person who sends "preliminary fees" or "first instalments" to an unknown money-lender is asking loudly for trouble.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED.

CARELESSNESS IN AERIAL DEPARTMENT.

A few months ago a reader submitted to the authorities the outlines of an invention which would, as he believed, be of material service in military aeronautics; and in due course he, at their request, forwarded to the Aircraft Department fuller particulars of his design. After the lapse of a reasonable time, he wrote asking for a decision—when they were inclined to deny all knowledge of the papers, but in a letter dated August 8th the Assistant Director of Aircraft Equipment went so far as to admit that "the parcel was received, but apparently was not taken to the proper Department." Not unnaturally, the inventor conceived himself entitled to some sort of compensation for the loss and trouble occasioned by the carelessness of the staff at the Aircraft Offices, but the authorities, in evident anticipation of such mishaps, have fortified themselves with a rule that such compensation shall in no case be paid!

GROWLS FROM THE GARAGES.

FALLOW RECRUITING FIELD NEGLECTED.

There seems to be a good deal of discontent among the employees of the London General Omnibus Company; and, in view of the great public inconvenience that would be occasioned by anything in the nature of a general stoppage, we venture to hope that the Company may see their way to adopt a more sympathetic attitude towards the men's grievances. It need not be assumed that all the right and reason of the situation are on one side, but on behalf of the men certain allegations are made which seem to demand a fair reply. It is suggested that, with the reduced services now running, the Company is actually over-staffed, many otherwise eligible men being "badged" in regard to military service; and although in the ordinary way this arrangement would be commercially unsound, suspensions for trifling irregularities—such as failing to stop when hailed, even with a full 'bus—have become so usual that the wages-sheet is proportionately lightened. At the same time, the Company are surrounded by a reserve of labour upon which they can draw in any emergency, while the Army is deprived of men; and although it would perhaps be unfair to press such consideration too closely, it must be confessed that the Company have laid themselves open to serious criticism by their apparent indifference both to the welfare of their employees and to the paramount claims of the State. There is a strong suspicion that they, with an eye to the future, prefer to keep a full staff and to hold some of them "in suspension" rather than to reduce the number to business-like proportions, handing the men back their licences, and setting them free to join the Colours or to obtain steadier employment elsewhere. This is not an estimate of the position that we are prepared fully to endorse, but it is a contention that the Company, in the public interest, should be at pains to refute.

THE KNOCK-OUT.

AUCTION ROOM ROBBERY OF PATRIOTS.

The "knock-out" gangs at auction sales are more than ever a nuisance and a pest just now, for many a good man called to his duty is obliged to sell his "sticks" so as to provide for the family in his absence. A reader, asked to look after things for an absent one, for the wife and children's sake, put the sale of the furniture into the hands of an auctioneer, after declining an offer of £150 for it. He says that at the auction "the private buyers had no chance." The dealers formed a "knock-out" as usual, and bid 10s. for a full-size brass bedstead and accessories. "When a gentleman bid £1, they jeered, and in fact jollied him out of it." Because of these tactics, only £67 resulted from the sale. The "knock-out" is a criminal conspiracy and is punished as such. Yet it flourishes in nearly every auction room in the country.

THE WAR—AND THE PAST.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

It is a trite saying that war teaches people geography; and there can be little doubt that every one of us to-day knows much more of the map of Europe than he did two years ago. But geography, by itself, is a dull and more or less meaningless study. To really appreciate the character and significance of any spot on the face of the earth you must know its *history*—and all about the people who, in past days, inhabited and helped to make it.

In fact, I sometimes think that, next to "the three Rs," history is the only thing worth teaching in our public elementary schools. But the difficulty has always been to find a simply-written, comprehensive, and *impartial* story of the world's evolution. Nearly all the recognised historians have been essayists, with strong political or religious bias—and they have trimmed the various events of which they have written to make them square with their prejudices. And that is why I welcome the appearance of a work which has just come into my hands—the "Harmsworth History of the World," published by the Educational Book Company.

Get it—and read a chapter every day. You will find that it mirrors the past a great deal more faithfully than the newspapers mirror the present, because national, religious, Party, and personal bias is cast aside. You have a great History—a wonderful story of human happenings on one great uniform scheme; you get something of the unity of a great play—a dramatic tale that thrills you as you read, and throws a strong searchlight right through the centuries, from the time of the first Chaldæan, who made his rough record on his stele, right down to the mighty and whirling world of to-day.

These fifteen volumes constitute more than a study, they are a veritable recreation—an intellectual rest from the great war strain. The mass of ephemeral fiction with which men and women once regaled themselves is being thrown into the dust-heap. To-day they demand more wholesome and sustaining mental food. They want help to understand the great world tragedy which is being enacted—and only history can supply it.

Get to know what the races of mankind have done and you will begin to learn what they will yet accomplish. And you will be prouder than ever of the great branch of the human family to which you belong. You will better realise its destiny, and you will better aid in its fulfilment. For knowledge is power. And you will go forward with renewed hope.

Reading these volumes you will find that, time after time, in the history of mankind, the forces of evil have seemed to overwhelm and destroy the fruits of centuries of progress. We have had our Alexanders and our Attilas, our Tamerlanes and our Napoleons, our Goths and Vandals, before whose ravages civilisation emerged bleeding and bruised—to struggle again to convalescence and new life; just as to-day we have a world strife that seems to shake the stars, and makes us almost doubt the power of God himself.

Read the glowing story of the history of all time, as told in the Harmsworth History of the World—and you will understand. You will understand something of the mystic forces of which the present war is one of those periodic manifestations which mark the evolution of the world, and it is but the story of a thousand struggles which have gone before—repeating itself in an ever-widening scale.

Someone is responsible for the dictum that "Happy is the land with no history." There is no such land, any more than there is such an individual. Empires, worlds, peoples, come and go—are born and die—only the Universe is eternal. Each has its appointed purpose in the great scheme of things. And all this you will realise when you sit down and read these volumes. For they are a *real* history—not a mere narrative of the incidents of Court intrigues, and the squabbles of royal houses and of rival States; but a comprehensive, enthralling story of our race—from Absolutism, through Feudalism, down to present-day Democracy. And it is written in language which you will understand.

You may study Green and Prescott, Kinglake and Motley, Froude and Macaulay, and all the rest of them; but the prejudices of their "points of view" will leave you less wise than when you began. You may have formed "opinions," but you will not have acquired *knowledge*. Read the "Harmsworth History of the World"—and you will be *wise*.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The "Harmsworth History of the World," so enthusiastically praised by Mr. Bottomley in the above article, is published in fifteen beautiful volumes which are sent carriage paid to any reader in the United Kingdom, either in return for their cost or on generous subscription terms. You will obtain full particulars free and post free by filling in the coupon below and posting it to the publishers, The Educational Book Company, Ltd., 17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

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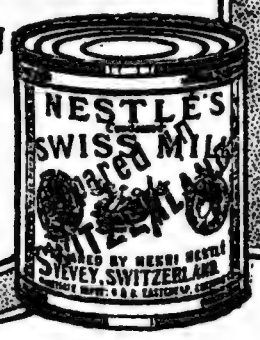

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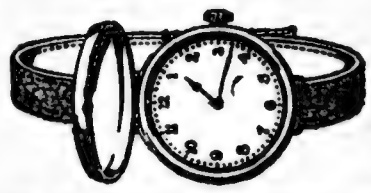

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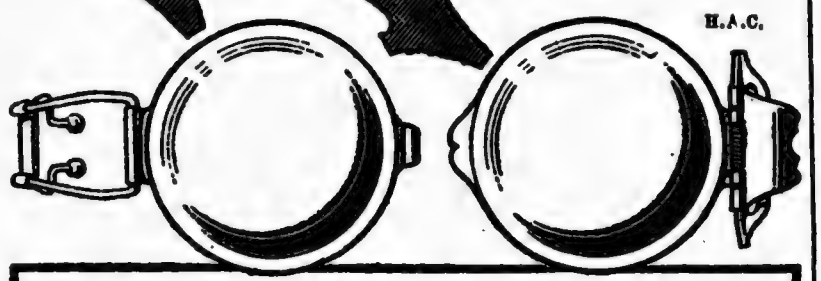

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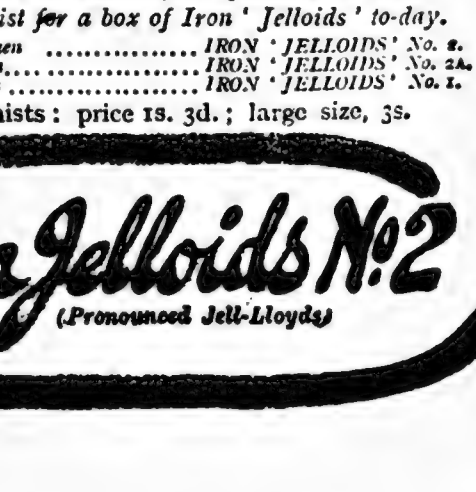
Now realise that German gold
Won't buy them victory.

If Masterman won't soon awake,
And spread the truth in Spain,
The sympathy we there have lost
Will prove a German gain.

When members of the N.L. Club
Apply elsewhere for rest,
They are expelled (we wonder why!)
As if they were a pest.

The Zepp. which Robinson brought down,
Rejoicing in its fall,
It was intended should be shown
At London Town's Guildhall.

Asquith refuses to believe
High prices cause distress;
He draws five thousand pounds a year—
But what price those with less?



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Huns in official posts, who still
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Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd, (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops.—ADVT.

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DOCTORS SAY SARGOL INCREASES STRENGTH MARVELLOUSLY.

Few people realise when they have become weak, irritable, and lack nerve force that they are suffering simply because their digestive organs have failed to extract as much strength from their food as they have expended in their daily toil.

If you have lost strength, tire easily, lack confidence in your ability to do things, and have become discouraged, no matter what the cause may be from, you can get back your old-time strength and energy by simply taking a little Sargol tablet with every meal.

Sargol contains six scientifically combined ingredients that will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat. It is absolutely harmless and never fails to benefit. It is not at all unusual to have the strength and nerve force trebled by its use

The evil effects from over-eating, smoking, drinking, late hours, or over-indulgence of any kind are permanently overcome by Sargol.

A little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than 12 meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are "blue" and feel weak or irritable, and your nerves are off, and you want to increase your strength, go to Boots' or any other first-class chemist and get a 3s. box of Sargol, which will last you over a week and will do you more good and give you more strength than a month at the seaside.—ADVT.

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ELKINGTON.

Goo' mornin', sir. . . . *Shampoo?* Yessir, wet or dry? . . . Very good, sir. Very popular jest now, sir, dry shampoos is. Fur one thing, customers don't care overmuch fur 'angin' their 'ead over the basin. They likes to set up, smoke their fag, an' 'ave a chat with the barber, or look at the *h*actresses' picshers in the periodicals. . . . *Wot do they fork erbout most?* Need jew awsk, sir? Wore, wore, wore, sir! I sh'd git sick of it if I wasn't interested in it meself. But jest the larst few days they've bin torkin' a lot erbout Colonel Elkington—*you* know, sir, the orfficer wot was cashiered a few weeks arfter the wore broke out, an' was reinstated by the King the other day. I never 'eard a man wished ser much good luck. Ev'rybody seems ter like 'im orl the more fur 'avin' bin through the 'oop. . . . . They seem ter know 'e never did nuthink wotchermacall disgraceful, but jest made a errer in the 'eat o' the moment w'en 'e wos in a tight corner. Wot I likes erbout 'im is the way 'e made good again. 'E never grumbled or tried to excuse 'isself w'en 'e was cashiered, but took it like a soljer an' a man. I 'ave 'eard it sed thet it wouldn't never 'ave 'appened if 'e 'adn't 'ave 'ad so much considerashun fur 'is men. I don't know the perticklers, an' don't serpose I ever shell, but wotever 'is fault was 'e's wiped it out like a 'ero, an' if I 'eard enny blighter try to bring the parst up agin 'im 'e'd 'ave the rough side o' my tongue, though I've never met the Colonel as I knows of, an' I don't ow 'im nuthink, or 'im me. . . . Wot's thet, sir? *'E will shortly?* 'Ow do you make thet out, sir? . . . *'E'll owe me fur a shampoo in a minnit?* W'y, you don't mean ter say as you're the Colonel 'isself, sir? . . . You *are?* Well, if thet ain't strange! I sh'd like to spring to attention, or slope arms, or suthink, sir, to show my respeck fur you, but them sorter antics ain't in my line. I can on'y say I'm *proud* to see you 'ere, sir. Ever since I read "Weeder's" novel, *Under Two Flags*, I've felt a *h*interist, in the Foreign Legion, an' a respeck fur the plucky fellers wot join it. But since the wore I've admired 'em more and more. I don't want to flatter you, sir, but I think that a gen'l'm'n like you wot makes good is a man more to be looked up to then a bloke wot goes through life smooth an' never does nuthink silly or wrong. The Army's orl right ser long as it breeds orfficers like you, sir. . . . Does thet feel dry enuff, sir? . . . Thank you, sir, much erbliged, I'm shore. *Goo'* day, sir, thank you!

AT HUN HEADQUARTERS.

BY OUR OWN DISTINGUISHED NEUTRAL.

I am not the Man Who Dined with the Kaiser, but I was fortunate enough the other day to be present at a momentous meeting. The Bulgarian King was the first to arrive, and from my coign of vantage I was able to observe his anxious and agitated mien as he waited for the Potty Potentate of Potsdam.

"Well, Ferdi," said the latter, on entering, "have you come to bring me good news?"

Ferdinand started. "No, your Majesty," he said. "Far from it."

"Then clear out," growled the Kaiser irritably. "I want to see no one who cannot bring me good news."

"Then you must forbid any approach to your Imperial Person," sneered Ferdinand. "I have at last obtained absolutely reliable information regarding the military situation on all the fronts which you have so cleverly concealed from me so long, and I take leave to ask you what you meant by selling me a pup. What do you propose to do?"

"Pooh!" ejaculated the Kaiser, with obviously assumed confidence. "Everything is quite all right. My heroic soldiers, advancing victoriously on other fronts, will soon relieve the pressure upon you. Leave it all to me."

At this instant Enver Pasha rushed into the Presence.

"Sire!" he cried, "what is to be done? The Roumanians have secured a hold upon the Danube, and threaten communications between Germany and Turkey. Unless their grip is loosened the Turkish Empire will soon be a wash-out. We look to you for help. You dragged us into this."

"Pish!" exclaimed the Kaiser, in a tone of uneasy annoyance. "Be patient. I have something up my sleeve."

"A withered arm," muttered Ferdinand.

"What did you say?" demanded the Kaiser, fiercely. "Ah, here comes my Foreign Minister with good news. His face is beaming."

"Gleaming with the sweat of fear," mumbled the Bad Man of Bulgaria.

"All-Highest," panted the German Foreign Minister, "the French and British have again advanced on the Somme."

"Good news!" sneered Enver Pasha. "I had best return to Turkey and make my own dispositions."

"And I to Bulgaria," said Ferdinand.

The Kaiser, shaken at last from his forced composure, looked around like a recruit who has lost his step.

"Where the Hell can *I* go to?" he asked.

"To Hell," snapped both Ferdinand and Enver, hurriedly departing.

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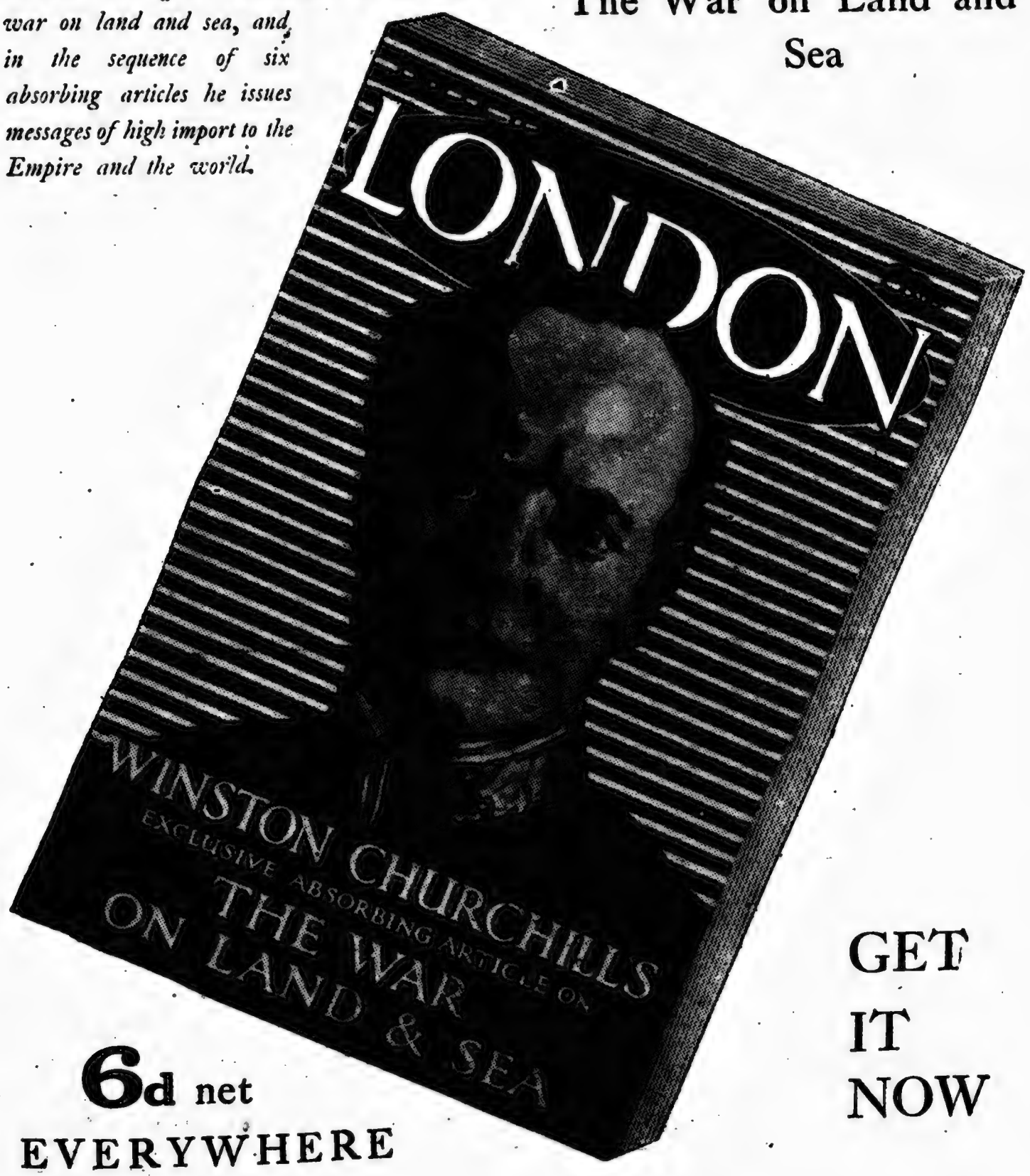

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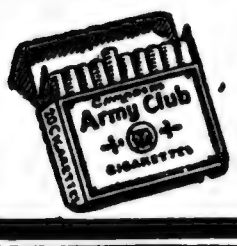

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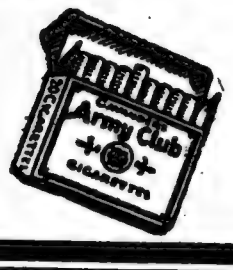

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE.

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in "John Bull," *19th August, 1916.*

Go to Jericho!

The Jericho Military Hospital is in Bury, Lancs. One recent Sunday afternoon two ladies attempted to visit it to present cigarettes to the sick and wounded, but they were turned away from the gate. We wonder by whose authority?

The Financial Question.

The men at Henham Park, in Suffolk, appear to be great sufferers through the stoppage stunt, whilst camp damages are collected with alarming frequency. Will the Brigadier-General look into this matter? We believe he is keen to have the right thing done to the men under his command.

A Mem. for Blackpool.

We recently commented upon the closing of the Winter Gardens at Blackpool against convalescent and wounded soldiers, because a waitress foolishly supplied one of them with a glass of beer. We now learn that this was done, not by Army Order, but by the proprietors. The general public of Blackpool naturally sympathise with our wounded men, and have the remedy for this embargo in their own hands.

Tommy's New Arm.

What fine articles have been written to convince the public that when Tommy loses his arm he gets an artificial limb that is quite as good as the one he left behind him! It is a pity the boosters of Roehampton have not explained that, if a soldier wants such a substitute, he must pay £35 for it—otherwise he will be sent into the world with a common timber limb.

Regimental Negligence.

If the Army were a commercial concern, many of our present officers would be shown the street. It is bad enough for Tommy when he is sent home with no money in his pocket, but matters are made immensely harder when he repeatedly asks for his back pay and is told that he cannot have it until his papers are sent along from the regiment—which usually means a month's delay. The whole subject might engage the attention of the War Office.

Concerning Discharges.

We have seen many strange discharges, but none stranger than one which was brought to our notice this week. It is written on an ordinary Government foolscap envelope and merely reads: "This is to certify that Driver H. C. ——— has been discharged from the Service as medically unfit. Good character. —. ———, Capt., O.C. 119th Coy., A.S.C., 12th Divl. Train." Next example of economy, please!

"The Soldier's Friend."

We are not for or against inoculation, but, having regard to the results in some cases of the operation, we are not surprised that Tommy jibs at the needle. As we have pointed out, Lord Kitchener expressly stated that unless a man volunteered to be inoculated he should not be handled by the doctor. This is what the *Military Mail*—styling itself "The Soldier's Friend"—says about the objectors: "They are blighters in the literal sense of the term, and we trust that all their comrades in camp will treat them as such. They should be compelled to carry a bell attached to their clothing the same as the lepers of old, so that all decent men can keep out of their path. That is our opinion of soldiers who refuse to be inoculated for their own and comrades' good." The soldiers know their "friend."

Nursing the Soldiers.

Here is a complaint from France: A heavy battery was on the march, accompanied, of course, by transport wagons. The tired-out dismounted men were compelled to walk twelve miles, keeping up with the guns. Some of the fagged heroes, ready to fall, climbed into the empty wagons; as this had been forbidden, the poor fellows were "crimed," and awarded No. 2 Field Punishment. We hope the matter has been brought to the notice of the General Officer Commanding in Chief.

Fleecing the Wounded.

A few days ago three wounded men—one short of an arm, another of a leg, and the third badly injured—visited the establishment of Jean Legey, Ltd., 19, Leicester Square, wishing to have their appearances improved. When the men had been finished with they were presented with a bill for 7s. 6d., representing three shaves, hair-cuts, and dry shampoos, with one singe thrown in. If the men had gone to any ordinary hairdresser their combined account would have been about three shillings. We are glad to note on the card of the barber in question the words, "No gratuities"!

A Wail from Egypt.

Officers in Egypt complain to us about the tremendous difficulty they experience in obtaining leave of absence on the most urgent private affairs. When they do get it, they are refused a passage home on half-filled transports. The other day the War Office received a wire from Alexandria asking that an empty transport should be sent out to take leave men home, the person who requisitioned the ship evidently forgetting that five or six huge steamers have for a considerable time been at anchor in the harbour, growing limpets, mussels, and weeds on their bottoms. They seem to want a hustler in Egypt.

The Badge of the Hero.

At last the silver badges to be granted to all ranks who have been invalided from the Army are on issue. This is as it should be. The gold stripe, too, is good in its way, but why should we signalise the wounded men and leave all the other categories of soldiers who have suffered at the Front from frost-bite, trench feet, etc., out in the cold? For goodness' sake let us provide them with, say, a silver badge to be worn horizontally on the sleeve. We regret that the gold-stripe heroes have to pay threepence each for their badges—which seems to us paltry.

On Behalf of Jack.

This concerns Haslar Bridge. Why, we ask, should Bluejackets—other than the sick-berth men—be compelled to pay a penny on this bridge each way, while soldiers go—quite rightly—free? The Government are about to take over the distilleries, breweries and public-houses, but to our mind they should first acquire this toll bridge. After all, a penny is a penny to Jack.

Rising Prices, Steady Pay.

The price of Paymasters' stores goes steadily up, but Jack gets no additional pay to meet the extra expense. The Bluejacket is a long-suffering chap. He seldom grouses, and we all love him. May we appeal to Mr. Balfour to look after his interests?

Play the Game!

The mine sweepers and patrol boats are engaged on a more perilous duty than Mr. Atkins himself. The crews have to go to sea and to stick there for a minimum of four nights. When they come back, they have to coal ship and do other duties that an ordinary shipping company would have performed by a shore-crew. The result is that the men get little, if any, leave.

From an Irish Base.

The drifter men at the Larne Naval Base have a genuine cause of complaint. As we have said, men of such craft go to sea for four days and nights in all weathers, and naturally grumble when, on their one clear day on shore, they are sent to work in the fields. Unlike the fixed shore-staff, they are not even allowed to leave the field to procure their dinners, being thus compelled to buy cakes and lemonade from sutler women. They feel that they are being treated in these respects like convicts, and the District Commander might interest himself.

Sailors and Sportsmen, Too.

Soldiers who have charge of motor-cars indulge in joy-rides when circumstances permit, and this indulgence seems to be copied in the Navy. Here and there around the coast skippers of small patrol craft, including yachts, go pleasure-voyaging when their boats should be lying up. In the spring they went bird-nesting; now they go out rabbit-shooting and picking up what birds they can. We hope they enjoy the sport, but the men complain that these trips do them out of the rest to which they are entitled. The patrol boats police our coast-line, and we are afraid that if the system grows it will be necessary to provide another fleet to police the existing small craft.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. E. Smith 11755, 2 Coy., Black Watch; Sgt J. H. Blythe, 8339, C Coy., Lincoln Regt.; Sgt. R. H. Hegarty, 11789, D Coy, South Lancs. Regt.; 21752 L.-Cpl. J. Liptrot, King's L'pool Regt.; Pte. Jack Harris, 1518, Middx. Regt.; Pte. A. Bysouth, 7616, D Coy, D.C.L.I.; Pte. A. J. Reynolds, 8265, East Surrey Regt.; Pte. E. Sandiford, 13730, M.G.S., K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. E. C. Wallis, 14909, L.M.G.S., Leicester Regt.; Pte. H. R. Larkin, 2890, A Coy., Queen Victoria Rifles, London Regt. (Territorials); Pte. W. Alexander, 18510, C Coy., 5th Cameron Highlanders; Pte. F. Pluck, 8991, M.G.C., 4 Section; Pte. F. Shackell, 2426, R.F.; Pte. E. Granger, 11400, W Coy., Hants Regt., M.E.F.; Pte. C. T. P. Baker, 32732, 1 Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. R. Davis, 1315, B Coy, Northd. Fus.; Pte. J. J. Deacon, 21372, Border Regt.; A.-Cpl. S. Bennett, 5316, Rifle Brigade; Pte. T. Chamberlain, 13206, Lincolns; Pte. J. Hanlon, 21, Queen's R. W. Surreys; Pte. J. Gidman, 31382, A Coy., Manchesters; Pte. H. Dale, 16868, Hampshires; L.-Cpl. W. E. May, 8503, M.G.S., Dorsets; Pte. G. F. Kirby, 1263, R. Warwicks; Pte. G. C. Stone, B Co. 2-1 Bucks Batt. (Oxford and Bucks.), Sergt. E. Hulkes, 9501, B Coy., Royal Sussex; Sapper Wm. Molloy, 57479, No. 2 Sec., 122nd R.E., att. 36th Welsh Div.; L.-Cpl. Wm. Urquhart, 15782, C Coy., Cameron Highlanders; Pte. L. Schofield, 8863, A Coy., Manchesters; Pte. H. W. Rushton, 10993, C Coy., Pioneers; Pte. J. Caplin, 5130, D Coy., Royal Sussex; Cpl. A. H. Field, 1844, D Coy. M.G.S., Royal West Kents; Rfn. G. F. Ashley, 3811, D Coy., 12th Co. of London (Rangers); L.-Cpl. T. J. Cochrane, 15359, Border Regt.; Rfn. C. H. Butcher, 2604, A Coy., London Rifle Brigade; Pte. T. Cassidy, 4990, 2nd Irish Guards; Pte. R. Walker, 24000, B Coy., Royal Scots Fus.; Cpl. H. Kivlichan, 9994, D Coy., Royal Scots Fus.; Pte. H. Senior, 18706, B Coy., 10th Duke of Wellington's; Pte. R. A. Ashman, 10927, C Coy., R. W. Kents; Pte. H. G. Clark, 1012, B Coy., Northd. Fus.; Pte. G. R. Coates, 1127, B Coy., 13th Royal Sussex; L.-Cpl. L. Leadbetter, 18656, 1st K.O.S.B.; Cpl. E. Jones, 11222, D Coy., R. W. Fus.

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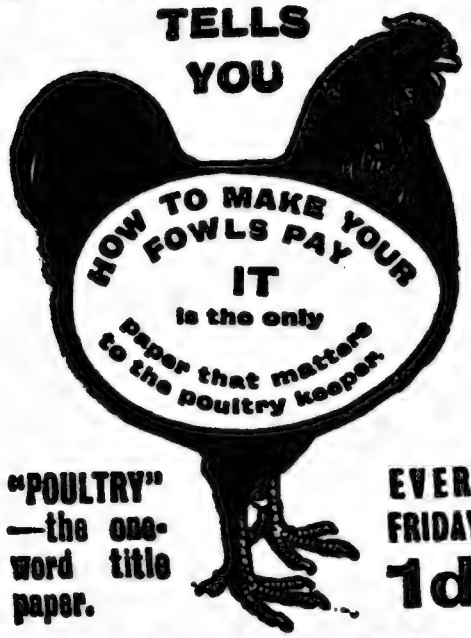

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IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier, discharged, broken down, got some light jobs but had to give them up. According to the doctor, it is probable that he will never work again. He has a wife and two children, and we are looking after him temporarily.

Another man was sent from the Army, and afterwards received the final discharge from the Angel of Death. A rich insurance company found a pretext whereby they were able to avoid payment to his widow. The unfortunate woman was in a condition of destitution until she laid her case before us.

Glasgow, Sunderland, Durham and Belfast appear to be in a state of terrible destitution, notwithstanding trade activity—at least, so it would appear from the avalanche of appeals which reach us! Investigation has, however, proved that in these cities there are many who endeavour to batten on charitable funds, and we wish the wrong 'uns to note that we take the most adequate steps to safeguard our little fund.

One of our men received five bullet wounds at the Battle of the Aisne, and was discharged with a totally inadequate pension. He has a wife and four olive branches, and another is expected. He can undertake only light jobs, which naturally carry light pay. We have assisted to the best of our ability.

A discharged man wrote to us, disclaiming any intention of posing as a hero. It appeared that he was one of the very first to answer the bugle call when the war broke out, giving up a comfortable position to shoulder his rifle again. Heavy marching and trench work found out his weak points, and he has been invalided, unfit for work. His family was in a bad way until we appeared on the scene.

We were visited by an actor whose name the public should remember. He joined the Army and did his best until he broke down with severe rheumatism. When he came to us he was residing in a Rowton House, but we took him out of it.

Another broken soldier, whose disease was contracted on home service, was granted a small weekly sum pending the declaration of the decision of the Chelsea Commissioners. A few mornings ago the post brought the fatal letter that he was not entitled to a pension. As the family, consisting of a wife and four children, were in a state of destitution, they naturally received all possible assistance from our fund.

A sailor had his nerves shattered in the North Sea Battle, and was sent ashore unfit for further service, minus a pension. He was thus thrown for support upon his mother, who was already in needy circumstances. We investigated the case, and made as liberal a grant as we could.

There recently came to us a widow whose husband died on home service—which meant that she was not entitled to a pension. She had three children who needed boots and clothing; a little while ago she buried a little girl. For this purpose she had to borrow money, and when she came to us she declared that she was "ashamed" to ask for help. She went away happy.

When H.M.S. *Bulwark* blew up, a man on a neighbouring tug received a severe shock. His boat afterwards lay near the *Irene* when her magazine exploded. Although his nerves were shattered, he went overboard and saved the only survivor of the latter vessel. As a result of these harrowing experiences and the immersion, the plucky fellow died, leaving a wife and five children—who, unfortunately, according to Regulations, have no claim on the Admiralty. We recognised their claim on us.

A woman had four sons killed and one gassed at the front, and another son has been invalided home and is awaiting discharge. Her husband died recently, so that the unfortunate creature has no supporter. We, therefore, did our utmost for her.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"Carling Medellin," 8s. 6d.; C. B. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; J. A. D. (Norfolk), 2s. 6d.; J. T. (Leyton), 2s. 6d.; W. J. S. (Tidworth), 2s. 6d.; L. R. (Clapham), 1s.; A. M., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. T. E., 1s.; "Hamish," 10s.; H., 1s.; "C.I.B. Boy," 5 francs; A. St. Q., 1s.; Mrs. E. R., 1s.; "Agland" (Tralee), 10d.; Sergeants' Mess, Nog Cabin (per J. W. B.), 8s.; A. Y., 2s. 6d.; R. J. S. (Alberta), 5s.; I. N. (Edinburgh), 1s.; J. N. O., 2s.; "In Memory of W. M. D.," 2s. 6d.; H. A. W., 3d.; "Two Weeks' Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 14s.; H. W. H., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Per E. A. K." (Cape Colony), £14 7s. 6d.; H. R. E., 10s.; Mrs. S. B., 5s.; T. C., 5s.; L. T., 5s.; "A Nurse and a Soldier's Sister," 5s.; "Aldersyde," 2s. 6d.; "Nunc Iocupies," 10s.; "Le Blizon," 2s.; M. L. B., 2s.; R. R., 1s.; Mrs. M., 1s.; "Tommy," 3s.; G. D., 1s.; "Old Volunteer Soldier," 10s.; J. H., 1s. 9d.; "Rifleman's Sister," 1s.; M. A. H. B., 5s.; E. F., 1s.; "Loyal Dubliner," 2s. 6d.; W. H. C., 2s.; "Anonymous," 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; "Hope," 5s.; "Yorkshire Pudding," 2s. 6d.; Gunner C. S. G., 8d.; "Hen and Chicken," 6s. 6d.; "Jack Skysail," 2s. 6d.; F. E. M., 10s.; "Mab," 1s.; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden," 10s.; A. A., 1s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; K. J. (Porthcawl), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife's Mite," 1s.; W. G. B., 3s.; W. F. P., 1s.; "Natalians," 5s.; "Urgent," £1; R. H., 1s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Baby Eileen," 2s.; "Constant Reader" (Shoreham), 2s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day Pay Fund, £3; Anon., 6d.; Miss E. Y., $1; Collection R.N. Hutments (per A. S.), 35s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser in India," £2 2s.; T. E. M. (Thurso), 2s. 6d.

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LONDON.—Mr. H. Lee, "Copenhagen," Salmon Lane, Limehouse, 2s. 11d.; Mr. A. E. Mackay, "City of Canton," 2, Upper North Street, Poplar, E., 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c/o Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, E., 6s. 1d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, E., 8s. 8d.; Mr. C. J. Smith, "Sadlers," Swallow Street, W., 3s. 3d.; Mr. H. J. Fry, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, S.E., 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton, 2s 8d.; Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, S.W., 2s. 6d.

BRISTOL.—Mr. G. Alford, 215, Stapleton Road, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. Showering, "Golden Bowl," Jacob Street, 2s. 11d.; Mr. E. B. Haynes, "Albion Hotel," Cumberland Street, 2s. 7d.

CHESHAM.—Miss Andrews, Waterside Laundry, 8s. 3d.

REDDITCH.—Mr. C. S. Buckley, Spring Hill House, Webheath, 16s. 9½d.

RHYL.—Mr. A. J. Parsonage, The Metropole Café, High Street, 3s. 7d.

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Your First Care.

'Like a breeze in the mouth'

A neglected mouth is the home of destructive bacteria. Colonies of these are swallowed, causing great mischief in the stomach and intestines. Prevent this by taking care of your teeth and mouth; the nicest and cleanest way is by using Gibbs's Dentifrice, an economical preparation in a solid cake which imparts a pearly lustre to the teeth, acts as antiseptic to the mouth, and sweetens and perfumes the breath.

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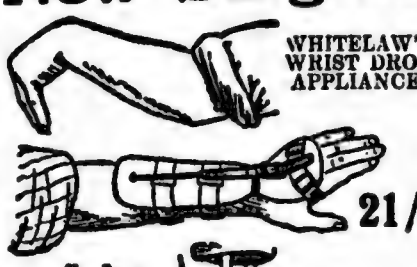

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TO CURE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrh, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows: Secure from your chemist 1 oz. Parmint (Double Strength), about 2s. 9d. worth. Take this home and add to it ½-pint of hot water and 4 ozs. moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dulness cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment.

Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—[ADVT.]

RECIPE TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum .....1 oz.
Orlex Compound .....a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—[ADVT.]

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"HOLLAND—FRIEND OR FOE?"—We have to acknowledge an enormous number of letters relating to our recent article on this subject, and to assure our various correspondents that their views are receiving our best consideration. Meanwhile, on another page, we publish a reply by "A Dutchman."

"NIMROD" and MANY OTHERS.—You will find in our editorial columns a reference to the impudent paragraph in the *Daily News*.

MISS G. B. (Norwich).—And so you went to the Cinema and heard that nice song about us, did you? Were you alone? And, if so, did you feel nervous?

H. O. P. (Manitoba).—Mr. Asquith's promise "to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be and whatever their station," must be remembered by us—lest *he* forget!

ROSE A. (Bow).—When Lieut. Robinson brought down that airship, he little thought what a lot of poetry he was letting loose.

"MAN IN THE STREET" (Liverpool).—According to you, hundreds of eligible men, dismissed from the Land Valuation Offices in consequence of public indignation, have now been "quietly absorbed into the Inland Revenue service, etc."

"ROSA DARTLE" (Newcastle).—At a Newcastle auction, the porter bid "a bob" for a picture of the All-Guiltiest. It was knocked down to him, whereupon he paid up like a man—and put his fist through the picture. Something like a knock-out!

A. C. (Mile End).—"Back home in Germany That Zepp will never be!" Wonderful how many are seizing that idea for a parody on "Back Home in Tennessee"!

D. J. S. (Barry Dock).—Your coloured skin is hyper-sensitive. The war has shown that many dusky subjects of the King-Emperor are "all-white inside."

"WARRANT ENGINEER" (Hull).—We are strongly of opinion that any German, naturalised or not, convicted of an infringement of the Defence of the Realm regulations, should be immediately interned.

H. V. (Southampton) and OTHERS.—In our recent paragraph, "Her Own Flag," we were careful to give the lady in question every credit for her good work on behalf of our soldiers and sailors, but we are still of opinion that it is not desirable to connect private names with such appeals. We are glad, however, to learn that this particular Flag Dag resulted in the raising of no less than £880.

H. S. (Manchester).—The action of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, in paying a stoker the miserable wage of 10s. a week and his food, was far more dishonest than that of the man himself, who was alleged to have stolen 1s. 6d. worth of rags and soap.

"CHALLENGER" (Llandaff).—If we gave publicity to every questionable decision of the Military Tribunals, we should use up every corner of the current issue and spill over into the middle of next week.

"JUMBO" (Birmingham).—It is true we sometimes serve up "hot stuff," but it is not meant for weak stomachs, and if you prefer the cold tripe of Fleet Street—well, every man to his taste.

"FAIR PLAY" (Glasgow).—"Why can't you leave the Roman Catholic Church alone?" But, please, sir, we haven't touched it!

"BONNY DUNDEE" (Lanarkshire).—"If—a well-known politician—is hard up, there is your Benevolent Fund." Quite so, and no guarantee of respectability required, either.

"TIT-FOR-TAT." (Edinburgh).—Your proposal to impose heavy fines upon the Kaiser for his crimes against civilisation has a good deal to commend it, though personally we are inclined to favour a stiff sentence "without the option."

"ALBION" (West Bromwich).—Our view is that at the end of the war every German in this country should be deported to Hunland—carriage forward.

PRIVATE W. R. (Guernsey).—Because a Ramsgate shopkeeper sold her a doll's set "Made in Germany," your little girl "hopes the dog on our front-page will bite him." And, of course, you can explain to the little patriot that, figuratively speaking, he is biting the Boches all the time.

"A CONSTANT READER."—Having lately been employed at the G.P.O., you were "surprised to find that there were four Germans employed in the Central Telegraph Office seeing all the tapes." Then the authorities wonder that there is a leakage of secrets!

"NEWBURY" (Berks).—Anybody who "hopes the war will last four or five years" ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his unworthy self.

MRS. W. (Farcham).—Sailors on leave from the North Sea were insulted by a "lady" on the railway, she telling the guard she could not sit "with these beastly sailors"! Your idea of a "Killing Day" for such females is severe, but almost justified.

M. M. (Southport).—Girl munitioners paying 5s. 10d. for railway fares out of £1 wages are certainly in hard case, and it is a pity the railway company cannot make some concession.

MRS. G. (Stafford).—Don't ask us why your milkman has "been charging 4½d. a quart for his milk all the summer." Consider yourself lucky. Our man does us down for 6d.

"IDEM" (Islington).—"A tax on manufactured gold and silver would yield a good revenue and benefit the silversmiths of Clerkenwell, whose trade has gone to pot." We have no objection; only the wealthy would pay it.

J. B. (Edinburgh).—As a constant reader of this journal, you are "convinced that it is really worth its penny." Cease this flattery, or you'll turn our heads.

R. B. C. (West Meath).—We note that Mr. William Le Queux's article was "in your head for many months," though it was not visibly the worse for that.

F. D. (Newcastle).—It is dreadful negligence when Swedish, Dutch, Norwegian and other foreign vessels lie just where our warships of latest type are being built.

"ONE WHO HAS DONE HIS BIT."—If you get no gold braid it appears you will now get a silver badge, so there must be no more "ill feeling between invalids and wounded."

L. K. INGHAM.—The Isle of Wight Railway should know better than display advertisements, "Deutsches Hospitz; Telegrams, Vaterland," in their carriages. Yet the Islanders take it sitting down!

"PUZZLED FLAPPER" (Uckfield).—Your five brothers in the Army will not "trot along with two wives apiece." Even brave men do not wish to be always fighting.

"GEORGIVUS" (Goole).—You say you have been true to JOHN BULL since its "Exodus." Perhaps you mean its "Genesis," but, anyway, your polite intentions are appreciated, and we shall strive to serve you faithfully to the last chapter of "Revelation."

"A FEW GIRLS WHO ARE DOING THEIR BIT."—Agreed that you girls who are "working on the food needed by the men at the Front" ought to be recognised. We salute you with a holy kiss.

C. H. (Ponder's End).—As we have already said, Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of Paris, are a respectable firm dealing in Premium Bonds; and in the recent case of the Aberdeen theatre manager, who won a prize of £10,000 in the Panama Lottery, and who unfortunately destroyed his ticket, they promptly furnished the required proof, and the lucky Aberdonian gets the money. We hope he won't forget our War Sufferers' Fund!

MRS. C. (Manchester).—What would hubby say if he knew you were making us up these sweet *billets-doux?* And see how catching it is!

"ANON" (Cambridgeshire).—In giving us your opinion that the "disgraceful action" of a local farmer "ought to be spread afar," you do not, of course, mean quite what you say—but we note your remarks, and agree with your meaning.

"ANONYMOUS" (Edinburgh).—The maiden name of Mrs. Cain was, of course, the one she bore before her marriage to Mr. Cain.

A. W. (Old Kent Road).—You are yet another poetess, "only 17," so we pardon your parody. Sing it, dear girl, but do not ask us to print it.

"WE, US AND CO."—The holiday is for munitioners only. We, Us and Company go without.

MASTER J. T. (Catford).—"There is going to be a row with Father" about the paper on the wall, and you want us to "come to-day and setol it." But a dreadful fate awaits one who interferes between pa and ma. Leave them alone, and they will "setol" it peaceably enough.

"ONE OF THEM" (Leyton).—Shop managers of some firms with many branches still get a beggarly wage, though doing the work of two or three men. That is one way such firms squeeze profits.

"A BRITISHER."—It is a great pity that music-hall agencies are becoming monopolised by foreigners. Managers should give preference to British artists and agents.

B. G. (Thorpe).—Whatever made you send money to the Parisian Goldsmiths Co., of High Holborn?

MRS. H. (Birmingham).—Certainly the Swiss gentleman didn't display any excess of generosity in rewarding the two kiddies with 5s. each when they found and returned the ten £10 notes he lost.

"TAFFY" (Cardiff).—Writing us a long letter of abuse, you say, "It is not worth while to put my name to it." You are a good judge of your own letter.

W. G. P. (Middlesbro').—The newspaper report says that you were told to put the light out and did so, but put it on again, and the police had to threaten to lock you up before you obeyed the law.

H. J. J. (Plumstead).—Only a few weeks ago a Newcastle platelayer, whose weekly paysheets showed £12 15s. 9d., £8 5s., £7 17s. 6d., and £9 11s. 9d., was fined the maximum for persistently losing time.

"ENGLISHWOMAN" (Ulster).—Truth is not the less true because it hurts, dear lady.

C. G. W. (St. Helens).—"No one has ever read this." Your madness is not untouched with mercy.

M. V. (New North Road).—It is monstrous that a sick man with eight children dependent upon him should be kept waiting for his insurance money because the collector has gone on holiday. You should complain to the local Insurance Committee.

"OLD BRICKLAYER" (Coventry).—If you were done out of a job near Birmingham because young men of military age were employed, we agree that it was a scandalous shame.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."—Night watchmen at the Royal Courts of Justice get only 24s. a week, seven nights' work. Scandalous. Why, even the Lord Chancellor gets more—for a tithe of the time!

"FAIRPLAY" (H.M.S. ——).—A cook at £3 a week to wait on four officers is lucky. According to your account, he is also a slacker.

E. H. S. (Rotherhithe).—"Which is correct, You know nothing, or You do not know anything"? Each is correct as to grammar, but we trust both are wrong as to fact.

"A READER OF 'JOHN BULL'" sends us an amusing drawing on a wooden panel, depicting the Father of Lies whispering in the ear of the Kaiser that the execution of Capt. Fryatt is "another North Sea victory." But would not "poker work" have been more appropriate?

J. W. K. (Shepherd's Bush).—"Straight as a die, With eagle eye For cranks would use us rumly, Bluff and hearty, Down with Party—Bottomley!" Something weird and rocky about that rhyme, isn't there?

F. W. E. (Leeds).—Unless the boy has a bad record, which does not seem likely, it was a shame to send him to a Reformatory for a single lapse—especially if it was true, as he said, that he "stole the boots to get something to eat."

E. W. (Southport).—Regret that the Magistrates should have "stuck a stigma" upon an honest woman. Dirty dogs!

M. B. (Ryde, I.W.).—Our opinion of the liquor restrictions is writ largely in recent issues, and the tidings that your chief policeman has been "done in the eye" over them is rare and refreshing news.

J. C. R. (Singapore).—There is so much hokey-pokey at home that we can spare little space for the sins of Singapore.

G. H. (Ramsgate).—You are quite right. With our next issue the "Bullets" Competition will reach its fourth birthday. To celebrate the occasion—well, wait till next week and see!

E. M. W.—The way to cure blushing is to stop thinking about it. But why worry? Blushing is very becoming to a pretty girl; many ladies are sorry they have forgotten how to blush.

"MOTHER OF TWO TOMMIES."—If there is a soft job going in a military office at Frinton, it should not be monopolised by a naturalised German.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

What is your Boy going to be?

DON'T shirk this important question because it may happen to be difficult. You have only to realise the great opportunity your boy has if he is trained NOW as a Wireless Operator.

Rapid Training by Post.

Our system of teaching Wireless Telegraphy by post has enabled hundreds of youths to pass the Postmaster-General's examination which qualifies them to act as Wireless Operators. The course usually takes 6 to 12 months. When our students have qualified, we assist them to secure good berths, at a wage which is self-supporting and leaves something over to put in the Bank.

A New Session is just starting.

If your boy is over 15 and under 18, he is eligible for training. Knowledge of electricity is not essential. Send for this **FREE BOOK,** which gives full details.

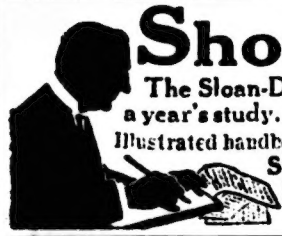
Address: Post Supervisor

The N.B.

WIRELESS SCHOOLS, LTD.,
141, Bath Street, Glasgow.
Melville House, Dundee.
48, George Square, Edinburgh.

"JOHN BULL'S" DIARY OF THE 2nd YEAR OF THE WAR

is the most simple, concise and accurate Day-by-Day Record of the Great Conflict obtainable. On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents - 1/- net.
Cloth Bound Library Edition - 2/- net.



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Illustrated handbook with lesson, &c., free.
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN
Headqrs., Dept. 32,
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EYESIGHT

If Glasses are necessary, send for Illustrated Booklet to England's Leading Opticians.

BLOOM'S Ltd.,
259a, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

DUTY FREE TOBACCO.
Clarkson's Special Twist.
An Ideal Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.
2/4 per lb. Postage 1/- Extra.
Dispatched to Expeditionary Forces.
Send P.O. to—
JAMES CLARKSON & SON,
93, High Street, Falkirk.

"BULLETS"—EVERYBODY'S COMPETITION.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10

☛ **A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 28th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(207) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 207, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 28th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(207) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 28th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(207) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 208. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **208** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 208,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 208.

IN THE BALKANS	IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?	ONE THOUSAND POUNDS	GERMAN KULTUR
BUTCHER'S CHARGES	DESERVES IRON CROSS	MOST AMAZING WHEN	PRICE OF BEER
GENERAL VON HINDENBURG	FORWARD MISS	IN GERMANY	FALLING IN LOVE
WHEN WAR ENDS	THE CROWN PRINCE	MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY	THE GOOSE-STEP
THE WINNING LINE	MAKES FATHER SICK	PRESENTATION CIGAR	THE KAISER'S PUNISHMENT

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 207.

THE FRENCH ARMY
WELL DONE
SHORTENING THE LINE
BRITISH PUSH
A BIG SMASH
CRACKED UP
COUNT ZEPPELIN
THE DAILY PRESS
PLEASING THE MISSUS
FATHER'S OVERTIME
MONEY FOR NOTHING
HARD TO SWALLOW
BITTER COMPLAINT
FIGHT TO FINISH
COMPELLED TO MOVE
THE DEVIL TO PAY
WAKING THE MISSUS
ANOTHER STORY
SHOWING HER HAND
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
ON A SOFT THING
GENERAL REJOICING
AFTER THE HOLIDAYS
COMING COLLAPSE
MOST SURPRISING WHEN
HAND TO MOUTH
GERMAN BOASTS
AWAITING THE FALL
BEST BOY
CONFOUNDING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—
Example:—
MOST SURPRISING WHEN.
Bullet:—
MOTHER-IN-LAW MAKES SHORT STAY.
Example:—
AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.
Bullet:—
WORK SEEMS ARDUOUS.
Example:—
ANOTHER STORY.
Bullet:—
NEXT MORNING.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 14th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated September 23rd.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 204TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. J. FOGARTY,
16, Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh.

Example:—TOMMY'S PENSION.
Bullet:—"NEEDS" NO RECOMMENDATION.

SECOND PRIZE of £25:—

Mr. WM. COMBER,
5, King Street, City, Glasgow.

Example:—HAVING ANOTHER.
Bullet:—ANNOYING WHEN PRAM'S SOLD

THIRD PRIZE of £10:—

Private W. M. SHANKS,
29 Batt. R.F., c.o. "Belgrave," Swanage.

Example:—DANGEROUS PROPOSAL.
Bullet:—LAWYERS AT PEACE CONFERENCE.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 EACH:—

Mr. T. O. JONES, 22, Syren St., Kirkdale, Liverpool: MEAT PIE—"FAT" LOT OF MEAT.
Mrs. EVELYN E. PERKS, 40, Teme St., Tenbury, Worcs.: DANGEROUS PROPOSAL—"LEAVING EVERYTHING" TO DOCTOR.
Mr. W. JEFFRIES, 28, Shaw Street, Derby: MOTHER'S HOLIDAY—SELDOM FREE OF "CHARGE."
Mr. R. L. STEARNE, "Woodside," Wheeloch Heath, Sandbach, Cheshire: BY THE SEA—GERMANY CAN'T "APPROACH" US.
Mr. T. HARVEY, 36, Melbourne Ave., Bowes Park, London. NURSING TROUBLE—MEANS KEEPING "IT"—"STILL."
Mr. G. JENNINGS, Manor Park Cemetery, Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.: IN A MESS—ZEPPELIN ALIGHT—CREW DON'T.
Mr. W. JOHNSTON, Kilkelly, Co. Mayo, Ireland: TOMMY'S PENSION—"MORE" TO OUR CREDIT.
Mr. J. IRVINE, 14, Cathcart Street, Ayr, Scotland: TOMMY'S PENSION—WITHHELD TILL HE'S "SICK."
Miss S. GRINSTED, 4, Denmark Rd., Whitworth Park, Manchester: BY THE SEA—FREEDOM OF BRITAIN GUARANTEED.
Mr. W. CARROLL, G.S. & W. Rly., Kilmallock, Co. Limerick: WHEN BRITAIN STRIKES—SHE FIGHTS TO "FINISH."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. CHAS. ROBERTS, 94, Paddington, Liverpool: WHEN WOMAN PREACHES—IT'S "AGAINST" HER SEX.
Sergt. HENSHALL, 14, Holtwood Road, Sheffield: REAPING THE HARVEST—OF HEROISM—CINEMA SHAREHOLDERS.
Mr. W. H. COOK, 233, Norwich Road, Ipswich: TOMMY'S PENSION—BOTTOMLEY'S "WEIGHT" TURNS "SCALE."
Mr. ALEC WOOTTON, c.o. 14, Eland Rd., Shirebrook, Derbys: HAVING ANOTHER—DAD "PAID" FOR IT.
Mr. W. MACQUEEN, 32, Victoria Road, Clapham, London: WHEN WOMAN PREACHES—BACHELORS WILL BECOME "CONFIRMED."
Mr. W. GODFREY, 21, Gilbert Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.: REAPING THE HARVEST—ALIEN SHOPKEEPERS—OF CONSCRIPTION.
Mr. A. C. BROOKS, Cintra, Garville Rd., Rathgar, Dublin: ARMY NEEDS—SHOULD COME "BEFORE" PARLIAMENT.
Mrs. A. COTTLE, 18, Clifton Rd., Maida Vale, London, W.: NURSING TROUBLE—TOMMY CARRYING MACHINE-GUN.
Mr. J. SMITH, 41, John St., Resolven, Neath, Glam.: TALKING MACHINE—"SORRY I CAN'T STOP."
Miss L. JOHN, c.o. Smiths, Dyffryn, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales: BY THE SEA—"NOSE" CONSPICUOUS, "FLAMES" ABSENT.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 28th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(207) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

SIDNEY E. TURNER, "Grange Villa," Alexandra Road, Selhurst, S.E. September 2nd. 716,728.

Mrs. C. MICHAEL, 4, Goldspink Lane, Jesmond, Newcastle. September 2nd 640,326.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 16th:—

006,951	278,205	585,426	899,673	A168,397
052,800	294,284	614,243	937,526	A170,450
069,526	300,102	689,307	942,753	A195,648
083,142	342,927	738,514	962,124	A200,173
126,342	394,561	746,783	995,947	A234,296
131,681	433,480	777,346	A000,195	A283,517
179,260	457,897	816,977	A026,934	A316,797
248,138	476,229	848,358	A055,328	A344,068
265,577	507,230	897,849	A087,651	A369,215
273,125	543,162	899,261	A126,513	A388,646

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 27th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for September 16th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 091,440 and A104,148. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Sept. 23rd, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Sept. 23rd, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....

.....

We're out to advertise, and no doubt you recognise
These unassuming, curious little chaps.
And, to judge by their expression,
We have made a good impression,
And we're booming Chairman Juniors with the Laps.

Chairman Juniors are well worth while. In quality they are really good—so good that nine men in every ten would like them . . . . . and the tenth would if he had an appreciative palate. To the usual and ordinary pleasure one has in a cigarette they add something more—a degree of satisfaction that is as unusual as it is gratifying. Their quality and excellence at their price is only possible by putting all the value in the cigarettes. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller, and there are no coupons or cards with them. They are sold by tobacconists *everywhere* at

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